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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 4, 1908.

The Week.

Congress has well deserved the epithet, prophetically applied to it in advance by its own leaders, of a "do-nothing Congress." This is not necessarily a reproach. It may be, on the contrary, high praise. There are times when doing nothing is vastly better than the "do-something" policy. Lord Cromer remarks that statesmen and legislators are never so dangerous as when yielding to the cry that they "must do something." The chances are that they will do something wrong. And there are certain aspects of the determination of this Congress to do nothing which appear highly commendable. That it persisted in such a course in spite of the alternate buffetings and beseechings of the President, heightens the credit of the performance. If the plan of "we must do something" had been applied to the project for four battleships, for ship-subsidies, for modified writs of injunction, and for amendments to the Sherman act, we should have a muddle of legislation out of which it would take years to dig ourselves. In a time cursed by too much and too raw legislation, few will blame Congress for refusing to add to its volume. The worst thing to be said of the session is that it has been inexcusably extravagant. Lavish appropriations are always to be condemned; in a year when the money to pay the bills is not in sight, they come near constituting a legislative crime. The Republican leaders were dimly conscious of this, and struggled feebly against the spendthrift policy. But a bad system of financial control, with the acquired momentum of an era of extravagance, was too much for them. They strove against the stream but strove in vain. Now it will be their duty to go before a people who have been pinching and economizing, and defend as best they can the voting away of the largest sums of public money ever known. The most plausible apology which they may be able to make will not, in effect, be very different from the excuse of the Irishman who proposed to feed a hungry dog with joints cut off his own tail! The utter failure of Congress to be frugal, if it could not actually retrench, may be a real issue in the campaign. Senator Culberson seems to think so, from his deliberate biting in of the facts last Friday. It is possible that a people wrestling with prolonged business depression may be angry with a Congress that squandered public money, and may make the anger felt politically. But apart from that possibility, we think

there is little in the record of Congress to excite popular emotion, one way or another.

In the compromise currency bill, as finally passed, the one vital and workable provision is that of the Senate measure, against which intelligent banking opinion and intelligent economic opinion unanimously protested. Mr. Vreeland's clumsy machinery of "national currency associations," whereby ten banks in a given territory may unite to authorize emergency banknotes based on general assets, is included. But these groups of banks, after passing officially on the application of a member, must apply to the Comptroller of the Currency, who must apply to the Secretary of the Treasury, who must examine the collateral and decide if it is sufficient. When his assent has been transmitted, through the same channels, the bank may obtain new circulation up to 75 per cent. of the cash value of the deposited assets (within 30 per cent. of its capital and surplus), and all banks in the group become jointly and severally liable for redemption of the notes. This process insures delay, and, taken along with the progressive tax of 5 to 10 per cent. on outstanding "emergency currency," would scarcely predispose a bank to adopt the Vreeland scheme. The Aldrich section of the bill, on the other hand, allows any national bank to apply directly to the Comptroller for such currency on the basis of State, city, town, or county bonds, and authorizes it to take out notes up to 90 per cent. of the market value of such securities. Plainly, therefore, such inducement is offered for use of the Aldrich bill's provision as to render any alternative recourse improbable. This shows to what extent the House conferees swallowed their scruples at the behest of the experienced intriguers of the Senate, and makes a sufficiently interesting anti-climax to the hearings of the House Banking and Currency Committee, and to the assurances of the House conferees, and the Republican representatives in general, that the one thing they would never do was to accept the Aldrich bill.

At the currency commission clauses, and the appointments made in accordance with them, the Senate clique may indulge in ironical laughter. The Senate's delegation on the commission is made up from the Senate Finance Committee, where the Aldrich bill was drafted. From the House, Speaker Cannon named the three conferees who assented to the compromise bill, and a group of miscellaneous representatives carefully selected, save in one instance, so as to shut out

the members of the regular Banking and Currency Committee. There are, of course, no outside experts; Aldrich is chairman and Vreeland vice-chairman. The predisposition of a body thus constituted is not particularly doubtful. The New York Chamber of Commerce, the numerous trade organizations, and the House of Representatives, had not only called for a commission one-third of which should be outsiders, but had stipulated that the commission, after public hearings, should submit its report before the close of 1908. The bill as passed directs that it "report to Congress at the earliest date practicable." The only obvious comment on this outcome is that it represents a notable victory for the Aldrich cabal and the interests which stood behind it, and a notable defeat for the chambers of commerce, the banking organizations, and the believers in currency reform.

Every one must be pleased to learn that President Roosevelt has been constructing the platform which his party is to adopt at Chicago. These things ought not to be left to chance or the occasion. And there is obvious propriety in permitting the man who has forced a candidate upon his party to frame the platform upon which that candidate is to stand. Furthermore, the gathering of the platform-makers at the White House insures just the right touch of awe and adulation in the resolutions endorsing the Administration which raised the country to a new pitch, etc., has given a glorious example, and so on, to which we pledge ourselves and so forth. If some hypercritical person objects that Mr. Roosevelt is undertaking too minute a management of the Chicago Convention, the reply is that he will permit it to appoint its own doorkeepers and notification committee. There is a familiar story that once, when an alarmed Democrat went to Dean Richmond to point out that his "slate" did not include the nomination of some minor official, the boss pondered for a moment and then said magnanimously, "I'll leave that to the Convention."

Concerning the dignity and importance of the Office of Vice-President of the United States we have had, repeatedly of late, the following somewhat incoherent apologia: It is a great office which is unjustly depreciated, which any man should be proud to fill, and for which, consequently, there is no more fitting candidate than Mr. John Smith of Homesdale, whom no one has ever heard of. Vindication of the Vice-Presidency is as hardy a political annual as acknowledgment of the necessity of a revision of the tariff by its friends, or

Mr. Bryan's readiness to step out in favor of another candidate. It would be interesting to see what a really strong Vice-President, coupled with a somewhat less strong Chief Executive, could do in the way of building the flesh of authority about the skeleton of mere office. Fate decreed that Mr. Roosevelt as Vice-President should have no chance to develop the latent possibilities of the office. Had he been left a little longer in the Vice-Presidency, the position would have come to its own.

The battleship fleet is expected to resume its journey, after the beginning of the fiscal year 1908-1909 with the new appropriations for coal. It is a question, however, whether at least eight of the ships should not remain permanently on the Pacific Coast. One of the many reasons given for the cruise was the desire to put an end to the dread of a sudden Japanese raid on San Francisco or some other Pacific city. But since the Pacific Coast has shown sensitiveness and a desire for a stronger naval force, it might be a wise policy to increase the Pacific fleet so that there could be no recurrence of the alarms. When Rear-Admiral Evans's ships arrived at San Diego, the Pacific fleet, which is under the command of Rear-Admiral Dayton, had on the West coast thirteen ships. Of these eight are our finest armored cruisers of high speed and power, next in strength to our battleships; four are modern protected cruisers, and one is a gunboat. With the addition of torpedo boats and destroyers, there would be available for duty a very respectable fleet of all branches of the service—considerably more powerful in battleships and heavy cruisers than our entire strength on the Atlantic on March 1, 1898, just before the war with Spain. Moreover, there are now out of commission or under repairs in various Pacific Coast harbors, but available in an emergency, the battleships Oregon and Wisconsin, the monitor Wyoming, three destroyers, two submarines, and eleven unarmored cruisers of various ages and sizes.

If eight battleships should remain in the Pacific, ten would be left for the Atlantic. When Evans sailed last December there remained in Atlantic waters practically no battleships save those in reserve and out of commission, the Iowa, Indiana, Texas, and Massachusetts. Of armored cruisers there was in reserve the Brooklyn, and under repair, the New York; of the monitors, three in reserve. Since the beginning of 1908 there have been placed in commission the new battleships New Hampshire, Mississippi, and Idaho, and the recently finished armored cruiser North Carolina. If the Iowa, the best of the older vessels, were

recommissioned, a division of four battleships, or one-half of the eight to be left in the Pacific, would be ready to join the ten which will arrive from the Pacific. To take the places of the other four there are under construction or approaching completion the South Carolina, the Michigan, the Delaware, and North Dakota. In about two or three years, therefore, the loss of the eight battleships from the Atlantic fleet would be made good—unless the Iowa be subtracted, because of her age; and there would then be nearly completed the two leviathans just authorized by Congress. Plainly, therefore, such a plan as we suggest would only weaken the Atlantic fleet for a brief period; and to replace the armored cruisers on the Pacific a division of four could be found, the Montana—just 98 per cent. completed—the North Carolina, the Brooklyn, and the New York. Within four years, were this programme followed, we should have, without any further legislation, the two-ocean fleets which our naval enthusiasts are now so loudly demanding, reinforced also by the two new scout cruisers, five new destroyers, and eight new submarines. And this tabulation takes no account of the swarm of unprotected cruisers, torpedo boats, destroyers, and submarines, now in service in Atlantic and West Indian waters and in reserve in our various navy yards.

For shaking hands in public with a woman anarchist—three years in jail. This is the fate of a soldier of fifteen years' excellent military service, including one war. No; this has not happened, in Russia. It was not the decree of Kaiser or Czar or of an aristocracy in deadly fear for its existence. It is a little incident in our American life, in the land of the brave and the home of the free. The soldier is Private William Buwalda of Company A of the Engineer Corps, and his offence consisted in going to an anarchist meeting in uniform and there shaking hands with Emma Goldman at the conclusion of her speech. Buwalda himself insisted that he attended the meeting merely in order to perfect himself in shorthand; the court-martial which tried him gave him a sentence of five years, afterwards reduced to three by Gen. Funston. Now, nobody is more opposed to anarchists than the *Nation*; but it is news to us that attending an anarchist meeting is a military crime. It is certainly not defined in the Articles of War; indeed, we doubt if it is specified anywhere as contrary to army regulations. If Buwalda had any knowledge that he was forbidden to attend certain meetings, we should be surprised. At most, he was guilty of an indiscretion; and the sentence is wholly disproportionate to the offence—unless the court wishes to make an

anarchist of him. Meanwhile, the case stands as another example of our national hysteria over what is a state of mind, and not in itself a crime.

The result of the vote on prohibition in North Carolina was a foregone conclusion. If, in the heat of the campaign, Gov. Glenn and other leaders of the anti-liquor movement called for a majority of 50,000 as necessary definitely to settle the question, an actual majority of 35,000 to 40,000 ought to be more than satisfactory. The line between the urban and the rural vote does not seem to have been sharply drawn. In some country districts there was an unexpectedly large anti-prohibition vote, while in the large towns the liquor vote appears to have shown a decided falling off. Thus North Carolina joins Georgia, Alabama, and Oklahoma in supplying new impetus to the prohibition movement in the entire South. In so far as the State itself is concerned, the change, though marked, will not be extremely radical, since already 95 per cent. of the area of the State has no saloons. The effect of North Carolina's action should be felt, however, not only in States that are contemplating taking the plunge into the swimming hole of prohibition, where, according to an Atlanta cartoonist, "the water is fine," but in Georgia and Alabama, which have already taken the plunge. In both States it has been inevitable that the imperfections of a drastic law should manifest themselves immediately after its application, and especially a law so notoriously difficult to enforce as that against the manufacture and sale of liquor. But Georgia's law is less than a year old, and Alabama's is an infant of weeks. That North Carolina should have refused to be frightened by the initial difficulties of her sister States argues a resolute desire to try prohibition.

We have not read a better account of the political revolution that has been going on in the South since the close of the Ku Klux period than that in the current *American Magazine* by Ray Stannard Baker. Many observers have dwelt upon the rise to power of the "poor white," but few have realized that this is essentially a great democratic movement, a reaction from the aristocratic régime which began with this republic and only now is finally passing. Democratic institutions never really existed in the South. During slavery times, there were no public schools, and the leaders in the political world were as proud of their blood and breeding as any English aristocrats. The downfall of slavery, peculiarly an institution of caste and privilege, gave the ordinary white man his opportunity; but he made little use of it until such demagogues as Tillman, Varda-

man and Jeff Davis showed the way. Since the overthrow of privilege in any guise must cause rejoicing, particularly in a republic, the question which naturally suggests itself is why the new politician of the South should not be welcomed with open arms. The reply is that such a man as Tillman is not a democrat at all, but simply a leader engaged in wresting for his own class the special advantages heretofore enjoyed by others. Were these men standing on the simple platform that all men are born free and equal before the law, it would be easy to bear with their crudities, their vulgarities, and their impassioned appeals to the groundlings. But, as Mr. Baker clearly shows, it is only for the white man of their own kind that they are laboring, when they are not in the field for their own personal advantage. The negro figures in their reckoning only as a sort of bogey with which to stir the passions of the multitude and strengthen their own faction. But if dangerous tendencies, grave wrongs, and many false leaders have been developed in the South's political revolution, it is, nevertheless, a revolution in the right direction. Learning, wider knowledge of the world and affairs, the greatly increased variety in the industrial product of the South—all these things forbid the thought that any movement to make helots either of negroes or the lowest whites can ultimately be successful. This is the worst period in the world's history for any set of men to try to make themselves masters of the fate and the labor and the lives of others. The very democratic forces which Tillman and Vardaman have set in motion move like the glacier, imperceptibly to the casual observer, but none the less steadily; since the days of Magna Charta progress, despite temporary delays, has been in only one direction.

Forgery is a natural handmaid of gambling; and the opposition to the Governor's plans to abolish legalized gambling on the race-track seems to be suspiciously afflicted by the assistance of forgers. In addition to the forged telegram to Senator Cassidy, for which the guilty man in Washington is to be put on trial, we now have the fact that forged letters of protest are being sent in numbers to Senator Agnew and others who have stood by Gov. Hughes. The job is clumsily done: alleged workmen are sending nicely typewritten letters, on stationery of fine texture. But the animus and unscrupulousness of the attempt are plain, and show what kind of forbidden weapons desperate gamblers will not hesitate to use.

The American Free Art League tells in its last circular of the way in which our barbaric tariff on art operates against even public museums, which are

supposed to get their importations free. As a matter of fact, four-fifths of the foreign works of art have come to the museums through the medium of private ownership and have thus paid duty. But there are other instances of hardship. Recently the Chicago Art Institute found itself in possession of two examples of Jules Breton which were very similar. The policy of the Institute was therefore to sell one, and with the proceeds secure some painting that would be a greater addition to the collection. But since the painting by Breton had entered the United States under bond, the Institute was compelled to turn over to the government a duty of \$1,000. In any case, duty must be paid on picture frames made abroad; and here again the museums are mulcted. The story is an old one, but it must be told again and again till Congress is brought to the point of revising the tariff and abolishing a tax on education and æsthetic culture.

The proposed "canons of legal ethics" published by a committee of the American Bar Association, preparatory to submission at the annual meeting in August, will not of themselves purify the profession. No one expects that, or thinks that the solemn oath now suggested will really make it much harder for corporations to obtain men of eminent ability to show them how to evade the laws, or will drive out all the shysters who pluck and fleece the unfortunate and create litigation that they may profit by it. But since the genuine uplifting of the profession can come only from within, this symptom of the stirring of the lawyer-conscience is full of encouragement. It will be well, indeed, both for the client and for the legal adviser, to have these opinions as to what does or does not constitute proper professional conduct. It would be of value, also, if there could be a wider knowledge of the existence of the grievance committees of local bar associations. Some other easier way there ought to be, too, of disbarring the corrupt practitioner. The courts themselves could lend a hand here, were they so disposed; but, unfortunately, our permitting the naming of the judges by political organizations has left them, in this city at least, so open to attack by the profession that they are themselves often unfit to sit in judgment upon professional delinquencies.

In Radical parliamentary circles in England there is vehement opposition to the contemplated journey of Edward VII. to St. Petersburg. Should the head of liberty-loving Britain take to "hobnobbing with a blood-stained creature like the Czar?" The problem frequently recurs, and is not free from anomaly. What use is there, for instance, in speak-

ing of that force of the world's opinion before which even Russian tyranny must tremble, if the world's crowned heads and governors stand ready to enter into the most amicable exchange of courtesies with the men so largely responsible for the stifling of liberty in Russia? It would seem that foreign opinion could express itself in no stronger form than through a refusal of the British monarch to meet the Czar. That would be repeating with tremendous force the late Campbell-Bannerman's challenge: "The Duma is dead, long live the Duma!" But that, unfortunately, is royal action of a kind possible only in a world of distinctly separated saints and sinners. How if the Czar were to refuse to meet Francis Joseph because of the way the Galician Poles treat the Ruthenians? And if Francis Joseph should refuse to meet William II. because of the way East Prussia treats the Poles? And if William II. should cut Edward VII. on account of the Bengalis, and Edward VII. should snub M. Fallières on account of the Moors, and M. Fallières should convey to Mr. Roosevelt his distrust over our policy in the Philippines? Public opinion, expressing the moral protest of the best elements in a nation, may be justly directed against the evil that other nations do. But heads of states, who sum up in themselves the vices of their country as well as the virtues, are not in a position to cast stones.

Along with movements for the preservation of scenic beauty, naturally go efforts to make that beauty accessible to the public. The House of Commons has just read a second time a bill conferring "the right of free access to uncultivated mountain and moorland." A similar bill for Scotland was pushed by that enthusiastic mountaineer, James Bryce, about twenty years ago, but failed of passage. It was about the time when the Winans case—a man holding a great tract of land from sea to sea, patrolled by keepers, and with the public wholly excluded—caused much scandal. The present bill applies to England and Wales, as well as Scotland; and the disposition of the House appeared so favorable—the vote was 177 to 65—that the measure seems likely, in some form, to be made law. It would suspend the ordinary law of trespass to the point of providing that no person could be kept from uncultivated hills or heaths if he were there "for purposes of recreation or of scientific or artistic study." One golfing opponent of the bill appealed to prejudice by declaring that, under the terms of the proposed act, a tramp might sit down on the eighteenth green at Sandwich and refuse to move, for the reason that he was there for recreation. But the Attorney-General met all such legal quibbles with good-humor and apt judicial decisions.

CAMPAIGN EXPENSES.

Everybody at Washington has been working so assiduously to put everybody else "in a hole," that the practice has spread. Mr. Bryan has now attempted to give Secretary Taft a tumble in the matter of making public all campaign contributions. The latter, however, with that agility by which stout men often surprise onlookers, climbed lightly out of the cavity. He made public his letter of a month or so ago to Senator Burrows, advocating the McCall bill to enforce publicity. Mr. Taft added that he stood firmly by his record in favor of preventing corruption at elections by the secret use of money. At this, Mr. Bryan could be no less than "very much gratified"; and renewed his urging that Congress pass the pending measure before adjournment.

On one point, both Mr. Taft and Mr. Bryan could immediately enlighten their countrymen without an act of Congress. They could tell us what their respective campaigns for the nomination have cost. If we are to have publicity, let us have it all along the line. It might easily happen that an election would be comparatively pure, although a nomination for the election had been procured by corrupt means. Mark Hanna's two years' campaign to bring about the nomination of McKinley in 1896 was lavishly financed; and the political paying off of the pecuniary obligations thus incurred was an embarrassment and a reproach to the Administration. Even if the preliminary expenditures are wholly honest, the demand may be legitimately made that their amount be published. This is one of the things that

'tis but just

The many-headed beast should know.

Under the English Corrupt Practices Act, all this outlay by candidates has to be inventoried and made oath to. Section 63 of that act fixes the time from which a candidate has to keep accurate account of all his expenses, for subsequent filing, as "on or after the day of the issue of the writ for such election"; and those who have to make the return include "any person who is nominated as a candidate, or is declared by himself or others to be a candidate." This would cover both Bryan and Taft for at least six months back; and it would be interesting and pertinent to know what sums have been spent to promote their candidacy. We have heard a very large sum mentioned as the contribution of Mr. Taft's wealthy brothers. A friend of the Secretary's stated as of his own knowledge that more than Taft's official salary had been paid out on long-distance telephone tolls alone. It has been estimated that Mr. Bryan has personally expended \$50,000 to secure the nomination, besides what friends of his have put into the common treasury. All these details are an essential part of campaign expenses. A law as rigid as

the English would compel their publication. But our two "leading candidates," as they modestly avow themselves to be, can settle all this on their own motion. Gov. Johnson, we notice, declares heartily for the idea. We dare say that Gov. Hughes would be willing to submit his personal accounts, which we have every reason to believe would include nothing but his travelling expenses. Certainly, it will not do for candidates to complain of the inaction of Congress so long as they take no action themselves. Let Mr. Bryan send another telegram to Secretary Taft proposing that they inform the people what amount of money has been laid out by or for either in securing delegates. We think the resulting "hole" would be large enough to accommodate both candidates.

The bill which the House insincerely passed, after tacking on amendments designed to make its defeat certain in the Senate, is a reasonably good measure to regulate the actual election of Congressmen and Presidents. Full and itemized accounts are to be kept of all funds received and expended. Not more than fifteen days and not less than ten before the election, a sworn statement of receipts and expenditures is to be filed with the Clerk of the House of Representatives, and become a public record freely open to inspection. Similarly, within thirty days after the election, a supplementary statement is to be filed, containing a complete and final account. Lastly, to round out publicity of contributions, all sums above \$50 given by any individual or association not through the party committee, must likewise be made oath to by their donors, and recorded as in other cases.

It is really unaccountable that no help in the passage of this bill to secure pure elections was had from President Roosevelt. He referred to it perfunctorily in his annual message, but in none of his urgent special messages, enumerating the things which Congress ought to do before adjourning, did he speak a good word for this measure. Its friends did not pretend that it awoke any interest in the White House. Yet no one should know better than Mr. Roosevelt what suspicion will dog the Republican campaign this year unless effective steps are taken to let the country know about political contributions. Democrats will shout from every stump that the President is again, as in 1904, getting secret gifts from his "practical" friend, Mr. Harriman. It will be asserted that Wall Street is for Taft, as it undoubtedly is, and the charge will be made that speculators are contributing large sums to buy the election. Now, the only way to refute such slanders, if slanders they be, is by entire frankness in making the party accounts public. The day of the huge corruption fund, gathered in the dark and spent in secret, has gone by. One way or another, the

people are bound, as they are entitled, to know what it costs to nominate and elect a President. In the absence of legislation, the two national committees should bind themselves to do what the McCall bill would have required; and if the Independence League is invited to join in, we make no doubt that the shrinking Mr. Hearst will be glad to let his costly light shine.

THE SENATE RULES.

Senatorial indignation has run high over the attempt to prevent "the most august assembly on this earth" from voting on the currency bill. Both filibuster and filibusterers have been denounced without mincing language. One Democratic Senator was quoted as saying: "This has been the most disgusting proceeding I ever witnessed in the Senate." In the cloak-rooms and hotels, the language used was still plainer. Well, everybody knows what it is that exposes the Senate to this ignominious treatment. It clings to antiquated rules of procedure which open the door wide to such abuses. According the right of absolutely unlimited debate, and possessing no machinery to make an end of sheer obstruction, it places itself in the power of any unscrupulous or determined or merely fanatic member. If May 29, 1908, had been March 2, 1909, the Senate would have been wholly unable to pass a bill which a large majority earnestly desired to enact into law. This is to reduce any law-making body to imbecility.

It must not be supposed that the Senate has maintained its obsolete rules out of pure inertia. One motive has undoubtedly been a kind of pathetic ambition to preserve an ancient dignity. When the Senate consisted of 26 members, met in secret, and was much like a Privy Council, parliamentary constraint was scarcely necessary. Gentlemen would agree in a gentlemanly manner. Steeped in this honorable tradition, some Senators are unquestionably sincere in deploring the need of limiting debate in the Senate. But that has been by no means the chief consideration. Senators have grasped at the enormous power which the rules offer to an individual. They have been glad to have a weapon in the rules which would give them more influence than they could hope to exert by weight of character or force of argument. The opportunity to interpose a personal veto upon legislation is what Senators have cherished. They have been able to serve notice that a given bill could not be passed because, if necessary, they would talk it to death. This power, they have felt, has greatly enhanced their position. It is this which has helped them to control Representatives, dozens of whom one Senator would outweigh; and to threaten the Administration and force favors in the way of

patronage from the Executive. So when the Senate groans over a "disgusting proceeding" under the rules, people are not really blind to the selfish motives which have thus far prevented such a change in the rules as would put the Senate on a par with all other legislative assemblies in the world. The Senate has not changed its procedure because the leaders of the Senate see individual profit in not changing.

The question is how many more senseless filibusters will have to uncover the defencelessness of the Senate before measures are taken to assert its authority. There is no demand for applying the rules of the House to the upper chamber. Nobody wants to throttle debate; all that is asked is that the wanton abuse of debate shall not be allowed to throttle the Senate. There is such a thing as reason in legislative discussion, and when it has run beyond all reason, legislators owe it to themselves and to their constituents to devise rules by which the endless flow of irrelevant words shall be stopped, and the individual or the group be compelled to let the majority have its will. What is wanted is not the extinction of the freedom of debate, but the parliamentary suppression of the man who takes advantage of outworn rules and bars all action.

Short of some form of the closure, which we think the Senate will yet be forced in self-defence to adopt, there is much that could be done by a vigilant and firm presiding officer to put an end to such inflictions as the Senate suffered from on Friday and Saturday. Certain dormant rules were, for the occasion, revived and enforced—as that no Senator should speak more than twice on the same subject on the same day. But there is an inherent power in any presiding officer, which could be asserted, rules or no rules, and which would cut off a great deal of the talking (or rambling) against time which disguises itself as debate. We mean the power to make every orator speak to the question. This is a recognized function of the Speaker of the House of Commons. Debates in that body are, heaven knows, tedious enough, but if a member wanders far afield, either out of mere stupidity or in order to kill time, the Speaker calls him back to the subject before the House. This may be done on the Speaker's own motion, or at the prompting of a member. A similar practice holds in our House of Representatives. More than once, during the past session, a member has been called to order for not speaking to the question. This is an essential part of the orderly progress of debate; and it is the business of the presiding officer to see that business is conducted in an orderly manner. And if Vice-President Fairbanks had resolutely refused to permit Senator La Follette to read from a novel, or from ir-

relevant government reports, he would have been acting within his inherent rights as a presiding officer, and would surely have been sustained by the Senate.

Without a change in the rules, a bold presiding officer might go still further. He might do what Speaker Brand did when he broke through the systematic obstruction of the Irish members in the eighties. After two or three days and nights of that clutching of the House by the throat, the Speaker announced that the right of debate had been grossly abused, that it was plain that the pending question had been more than sufficiently discussed, and that he would proceed to put it to vote. Of course, he first notified Mr. Gladstone of his intention, and also the leader of the Opposition, and was certain of being upheld; yet his action was only an assertion of the inherent dignity and the real duty of the chair. Such a course might profitably be followed by the Vice-President, who presides over the Senate.

A SOUTH AFRICAN FEDERATION.

The college instructor who wishes to give his students a clear conception of the circumstances in which the American nation was born, might well quote freely from the current dispatches from South Africa. Where British and Boer fought some six years ago, a new British commonwealth is now in the process of formation; and the causes that are bringing Cape Colony, Natal, the Transvaal, and the Orange River Colony together are largely those with which writers on the "critical period" in our own history have made us familiar. If the past really helps us understand the present, the obverse is equally true. The *Jacquerie* that preceded the outbreak of the French Revolution, the châteaux burnings, and that prolonged, partly silent, yet mortal "war in the village" that went on over the greater part of France while royal ministers of finance kept on contracting new loans, must have taken on new color to the reader of W. E. Walling's recent articles in the *Independent* on the agrarian upheaval of two and three years ago in Russia. The story of Nunzio Nasi, a former Minister of Public Instruction in Italy, who has been found guilty of gross speculations, and who was fond of removing art treasures from the public buildings to his own house, brings his countryman, Caius Verres, more vividly to mind than all of Cicero's orations. And Diocletian, in his Dalmatian cabbage-patch, may come nearer to us if we think of him as carefully watching from his retirement at Salona to see that the Cæsar who succeeded him was faithfully carrying out his predecessor's "policies." And so in the present South Africa we may read something of past America.

A united South Africa has been predicted for some years, if on no other ground than on the analogy of our own country, of Canada; and, within the last decade, of Australia. The British Empire is the fecund mother of self-governing commonwealths, and the pangs of their birth do not greatly differ. The latest move towards South African federation has arisen out of colonial quarrels over railway and customs policy. The Transvaal is, of course, the richest of the four colonies, and is predominantly an industrial region. It is the largest purchaser both of foreign manufactures and of domestic agricultural produce. Hence, the prosperity of the Cape Colony ports, Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, and East London, and of Durban in Natal, and of the Cape Colony and Natal railways, has depended on the Transvaal trade. But the natural harbor for the Transvaal, Lourenço Marques in Portuguese East Africa, is over fifty miles nearer than Durban to Johannesburg, and, approximately, only one-third as far from Johannesburg as Cape Town. The obvious interest of the Transvaal in shipping by way of Lourenço Marques has thus been in conflict with that of the other colonies—a conflict which has hitherto been minimized by mutual concessions under a railway agreement to which all the colonies are parties. But the years since the war have been years of industrial depression in the Transvaal, and of consequently growing restlessness under an arrangement which that colony has always regarded as more or less inequitable. It was to consider a revision of the railway agreement and of customs rates—the colonies are united in a customs union—that a conference met at Pretoria on May 4, and it was only two days later that this body, having assembled in no very amicable spirit, issued the following declaration:

The delegates of the self-governing colonies have adopted the principle of closer union, and undertake to submit certain resolutions to their Parliaments with reference thereto. They also undertake to recommend to their Parliaments the appointment of delegates to a national convention for the purpose of framing a draft Constitution.

It was like the ending of a lovers' quarrel. The convention is to meet some time this year, and it has already been decided that the Constitution which it may frame shall be submitted for approval or rejection, without the right to alter, to the various colonial Parliaments.

Federation will not, however, come within a year or two, if the Australian precedent is to count. But that it will come soon is everywhere looked upon as a certainty; and the colonies have already fallen to disputing over details. Here again we are reminded of the period preceding our own Constitution. The conference fixed the membership of the

convention at thirty, of which the Cape Colony is to have twelve, the Transvaal eight, and Natal and Orange River five apiece. Whence arises much discontent in Natal, and a less amount also in the Transvaal. Readers of our history will recognize an old friend in the protest of the *Times of Natal*, that, "Natal is entitled to equal representation at the proposed conference, and that the resolutions strike a blow at the State's rights"; or in the fear of the Transvaal *Cape Times*, lest "the resolutions give the big states power to squeeze the smaller." It is the Virginia plan, and the New Jersey plan of 1787, all over again.

Other analogies are to be seen. There is in Rhodesia a vast territory reserved for future British-Boer expansion, which exercises to some extent the same unifying influence that our own Northwest Territory did. There is the native question, more formidable to South Africa than our own was to us, as we see it now, though not as the founders may have thought it. There will come up, too, undoubtedly, the question of apportionment of power in the federal legislature as between British and Boer, corresponding roughly to our own North and South. For, though there is no question of actual racial division in the future state, a line of demarcation must naturally persist for years to come. The United States of South Africa, when a fact, will contain an area of 475,000 square miles, a white population of some 1,200,000, and a native population of over 4,000,000. And, if we include Bechuanaland and Rhodesia, the area will be 1,200,000 square miles, and the native population nearly 6,000,000.

A WORD FOR THE SWAN OF LICHFIELD.

It is time that some one spoke a good word for Anna Seward, the Swan of Lichfield. She died in 1809. The next year Constable brought out her poems in three volumes, edited by Scott, who generously said: "The name of Anna Seward has for many years held a high rank in the annals of British literature." In 1811 Constable published also six volumes of her letters, in which the editor discovered "many intellectual and moral excellences." Finally, in 1813, W. C. Oulton compiled "The Beauties of Anna Seward, Carefully Selected and Alphabetically Arranged under Appropriate Heads." He declared that "as a writer Miss Seward had great merit." But since then the devil's advocate has been busy. Our historians and critics of literature have named her only to damn her. Lately the interest in her has slightly revived. Last autumn E. V. Lucas gave us a book devoted to the Lichfield circle, "A Swan and Her Friends"; but he could not resist the temptation to ridicule her. Some months

ago Miss Repplier, in one of her wittiest articles in the *Atlantic*, made game of the Swan; and now in the June issue, writing of "Our Great-Grandmothers' Novel," Miss Repplier indulges in a few more sly digs at Miss Seward—*tantene animis celestibus ira!*

Miss Seward's affectation and vanity we do not deny; but we maintain that her faults were due largely to her social and intellectual surroundings. If we take her as a representative of her class, the eighteenth-century blue-stocking, we shall find it very entertaining to skim through her writings. Even the most ambitious of us cannot always follow Frederic Harrison's advice to read only "the best, the eternal, the indispensable books"; and if we turn aside from the main travelled road of the age, we can find no pleasanter or more instructive by-path than Miss Seward's "Letters" and her "Memoirs of the Life of Dr. Darwin." This path does not lead over the heights; it does not command a noble prospect; but it runs through a quiet cathedral town where Samuel Johnson and Garrick were born and where the luckless Major André made love to Honora Sneyd; it affords us glimpses of a few of the great authors of the day, and a host of the lesser; it passes the Etruscan vase at Bath-Easton and the learned ladies gathered round it to read their verses and wear the crown of myrtle—assuming important little airs of authorship, just as hundreds are doing to-day. If we are familiar with the work of Miss Seward's contemporaries, we perceive that her absurdities of thought and style are but an exaggeration of the traits of Johnson, of Cowper, of Henry Mackenzie with his "Man of Feeling," and of Miss More. Even these absurdities seem almost pathetic as we draw to the end of the "Letters" and pierce through all affectation to the fact that Miss Seward's life, in spite of literary success and popular plaudits, was in essence a tragedy.

Her "Monody on Major André" is to this day much sought by collectors of Americana. Since Honora Sneyd had been her bosom friend, Miss Seward's interest in André and her indignation at Washington are but natural:

Oh WASHINGTON! I thought thee great and good.
Nor knew thy Nero-thirst of guiltless blood!
Severe to use the pow'r that fortune gave,
Thou cool determin'd murderer of the brave!
Remorseless WASHINGTON! the day shall come
Of deep repentance for this barb'rous doom!
When injur'd ANDRÉ'S memory shall inspire
A kindling army with resistless fire;
Each falchion sharpen that the Britons wield,
And lead their fiercest lion to the field!
Then, when each hope of thine shall set in night,
When dubious dread and unavailing flight
Impel your host, thy guilt-upbraided soul
Shall wish untouch'd the sacred life you stole!
And when thy heart appall'd, and vanquish'd pride
Shall vainly ask the mercy they deny'd,
With horror shalt thou meet the fate thou gave,
Nor pity gild the darkness of thy grave!
For infamy, with livid hand, shall shed
Eternal mildew on the ruthless head!

But for such an outburst as this we

need feel no resentment, for, as she tells us in one of her letters, when she learned all the facts she was "filled with contrition for the rash injustice" of her censure.

The story she tells in the "Life of Dr. Darwin" about Thomas Day, author of "Sanford and Merton," has often been reprinted. Disappointed by a fickle sweetheart, he decided to train a wife to his mind. "He resolved that she should be as simple as a mountain girl in her dress, her diet, and her manners; fearless and intrepid as the Spartan wives and Roman heroines." But he was grievously disappointed. Struggle as he might, he could not make the girl proof against the dread of pain and danger. When he dropped melted sealing-wax upon her arms, and when he fired blank pistols at her, she would persistently start and scream. Less familiar, perhaps, are Miss Seward's anecdotes of Johnson as she saw him on occasional visits to Lichfield. For example:

Johnson told me once that he would "hang a dog that read the 'Lycidas' twice."

"What then," replied I, "must become of me, who can say it by heart, and who often repeat it to myself with a delight which grows by what it feeds upon?"

"Die," returned the growler, "in a surfeit of bad taste."

Thus it was that the wit and awless impoliteness of the stupendous creature bore down by storm every barrier which reason attempted to rear against his injustice.

Miss Seward when young, Sir Walter assures us, "must have been exquisitely beautiful"—as an engraving of her portrait by Kettle abundantly testifies. She had her share of attention from men. While scarcely more than a girl she became engaged to marry, but her father broke off the match. Other suitors appeared, but, for some reason, she accepted none of them. Outwardly she made the best of her lot as a spinster: she advised bringing up girls with a taste for literature, which "must preclude the discontents of celibacy, should celibacy be their lot"; and she protested that she was "perfectly reconciled to her . . . old-maidism." Certainly, she enjoyed all the consolations of fame. Wherever she went she was lionized; and she was convinced that the offspring of her mind would live forever in the hearts of posterity. Yet the fondness with which she dwelt on compliments to her fading charms, and on the memory of her love affairs, indicates that, as the burden of lonely years and ill-health increased, she might gladly have exchanged her laurels for a husband and children of her body. And if she can now look down upon the dust which lies thick upon her books, disturbed once in a score of years by some curious student, she must feel infinite pity for all women—from the ambitious, sweet girl graduate to

the last popular novelist—who are founding their happiness on the hope of literary immortality.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

I.

There is withal something of the amateur about Sir Thomas Browne, and, more perhaps than any other great writer of English, he is saved from "the iniquity of oblivion" by his unexpected phrases and his isolated flights of fancy that cling to memory like the "wild enormities of ancient magnanimity." And yet as, lured on by the handsome pages of this new edition of his works,* we read his greater and lesser treatises in order, it gradually becomes clear that his writing is not so haphazard as it seemed, and that even to a peculiar degree he was concerned with a single idea dominant in his age.

The two aspects of that idea were rationalism and science, for which the early years of the century had prepared the way and which the latter years were to see fully developed. Between the inception and the consummation of the movement we may, without insisting too arbitrarily on such a division, observe in England a moment of uncertainty, marked in philosophy by the attempt of Henry More to reconcile the ancient sombre mysteries of religion with the coming optimistic deism, and in science by the divagations of our Norwich physician. From the many workers who laid the foundation of science three names may be selected as variously typical: Bacon, its prophet; Descartes, its theorizer; and Aldrovandus, its practical exemplar. All three were conscious of the radical break with the past involved in the new idea. "The only clue and method," wrote the Englishman in the Preface to his "Great Instauration," "is to begin all anew, and direct our steps in a certain order, from the very first perceptions of the senses"; and at the end of this path he descried as in a prophetic vision the race of discoveries, sprung from the nuptial couch of the mind and the universe, which should fulfil the wants and vanquish the miseries of mankind. How deliberately Descartes swept, or tried to sweep, his brain free of the cobwebs of tradition, need not be told; he too had his vision, not so much of the future, as of the present universe revolving like some monstrous engine, wheel within wheel, all of whose intricate motions could be explained by purely mechanical laws. And already Aldrovandus, in his garden at Padua, had seen, imperfectly no doubt, the necessity of rewriting the whole book of natural history from actual observation. The fruition of the movement, so far as England is concerned, began in the year 1660, when Charles II., himself a curious observer of physical experiments, chartered the Royal Society. In a few years Newton and Locke, the acknowledged fathers of the eighteenth century, were to complete the theory of natural law and extend its sway over mankind, the one by his investigations of universal motion, the other by his analysis of the human understanding.

It was thus not merely the shackles of

tradition the new scholarship would throw away; it would invade the ancient sanctuaries of the heart also, and for the humility of religious faith substitute its own pride of investigation. The end of that movement was not unapparent even to the men involved in its triumphant progress. Not a few of them foresaw and dreaded what seemed to them a limiting of man's spiritual life under the rationalizing tendency of science and deism; and the middle of the seventeenth century, in the years before the dominion of Newton and Locke, shows a number of writers who revolted against the new tyranny, either by denying its dictates or by accepting them and twisting them to other conclusions.

II.

Our Norwich physician, half-unconscious, no doubt, of his position, and with the Briton's usual incapacity of logic, was led by the insubordinate faculties of the poet within him to another door of escape. Coming back to England from the Continental schools where the militant ideas were already far advanced, he felt a troubled uneasiness of conscience, and in his "Religio Medici" undertook to establish himself in a safe compromise. As the title of the book implies, the problem presented itself to him immediately as the need of reconciling orthodoxy and the materialism of the new medicine; and so he begins:

For my Religion, though there be several Circumstances that might persuade the World I have none at all, as the general scandal of my Profession, the natural course of my Studies, the indifferency of my Behavior and Discourse in matters of Religion, neither violently Defending one, nor with that common ardor and contention Opposing another; yet, in despite hereof, I dare, without usurpation, assume the honorable Style of a Christian.

Such is his thesis, but religion, as Pascal and Bunyan understood it and as his orthodox enemies were not slow to observe, receives scant attention from his wandering mind, while his boasted tolerance toward the creed of Catholic, Jew, or Pagan is next of kin to indifference. In effect his work takes its place, a splendid place, among the innumerable protests of the imagination against the imperious usurpations of science. The freedom of fancy which had wanted in every arbitrary and impossible combination of natural objects—

Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam—

such license was becoming impossible for a trained intellect, as Browne himself had proved in his "Vulgar Errors." If the spirit were to maintain its liberty against the encroachments of a fatalism, which would reduce the circle of a man's life to a mere wheel spinning for an hour in the vast unconscious mechanism of the world, it must be by the assertion of another principle distinct from and unmoved by the levers of physical energy. Bacon, and more definitely Descartes, had indeed granted this immaterial law, but—*quæ supra nos nihil ad nos*; they were pleased to leave it in the sphere of the lofty inane, with no hold upon the heart and actions of men, with no answer to the cry of the bewildered conscience, with no root in human experience—an empty figment of the reason or a sop to quiet the barkings of the Church. What they lacked essentially, and what Sir Thomas Browne supplied, was the primary

imagination, as later it was to be defined by Coleridge—the faculty, that is, by which we unite the broken and dispersed images of the world into an harmonious poetic symbol. In their investigation of the law of nature they did not sufficiently recognize that these observed phenomena are but the shadow, too often distorted and misleading, of the greater reality which resides within the observer himself, and obeys its own law. In their haste they lost the power of subjecting the less to the greater reality, of associating the outer with the inner, and thus of finding through the many that return to the one, which was, as Coleridge interpreted the phrase, the *esemplastic* function of the imagination. They followed too well the precept of Bacon: "The understanding must not therefore be supplied with wings, but rather hung with weights, to keep it from leaping and flying."

III.

It is, I know, a part of our present-day eagerness for obliterating distinctions to deny any incompatibility between science and religion, as between science and poetry. And in a way no doubt science has its own faith and its own imaginative domain. Who can be insensible to the exaltation that must come from tracking nature into her secret reserves? who has not felt that exaltation when the mind opens to the thought of illimitable dynamic law? And always there is the residuum of mystery at the end of our actual vision, intensified it may be by the slow-groping security of our approach. There is the imagination of science as of religion. Some minds may dwell in one and the other of these alternately, or even confuse them together; but in their essence they are distinct. If we were to define these two genera scholastically we should say that the scientific imagination is quantitative, the religious qualitative. Thus Lucretius, impressed by the almost infinite divisibility of matter, and the impossibility of conceiving any ordered relation among so many parts, sees in vision the innumerable atoms hurtling blindly toward some centre of space, all obeying, so far as the shock of other atoms permits, some incalculable whim of diverse motion, and, after countless changes of combination, cohering for a moment in the forms of this world. Such a vision is the carrying to a quantitative extreme of the chance and individualism that, to a first glance at least, seem to control the momentary meetings and separations of men and things. It is, without the introduction of any new quality, the utmost visible extension of our feeling of that which Cæsar called "Fortune whose whim governs mankind." Of the same sort quantitatively is the development of the sense of order in things, as seen in another mood, to a universal scheme of nature, typified so graphically by the legend of Newton's deducing the law of gravitation from the fall of an apple. There must be powerful excitement of the imagination, an almost overwhelming magnitude of vision, in this exercise of the scientific faculty; we know how profoundly Newton himself was stirred by the grandeur of his discovery. There is in it also, we must admit, something disquieting to most minds when they enter into themselves to reflect on this dominance of nature whether it be in the direction of ungoverned chance or of in-

* The Works of Sir Thomas Browne. Edited by Charles Sayle. 3 vols. (The English Library.) Edinburgh: John Grant.

evitable regularity. The melancholy, if not the madness, of Lucretius is well known:

O miseris hominum mentes, O pectora cæca!
(O wretched minds of men, O blind hearts! in what shadows of life, in how great perils, is passed this little term of being!)

Nor is there less significance in the anxious awe of Herbert Spencer at the contemplation of those unsoundable gulfs of space through which his law of irresponsible evolution extended its sway. These are the nostalgias of impersonal science.

Now, what has been called the qualitative imagination, religious or poetic, may show itself in the same mind with the quantitative, but it always implies the admission of a new element. Thus in Lucretius side by side with his vision of endless ruthless motion is the conception, at least the passionate desire, of a calm which may remove him entirely outside of the world's despotic chance. When, in the exordium to his second book, he breaks into that magnificent praise of the *sapientum templa serena*, the lofty and serene places whence the wise may look down dispassionately on the wanderings of men and their restless seekings and cruel ambitions, it is no mere separation from toiling mankind for which he prays, but a retreat of religion within his breast, where he may take refuge from the terror of these wild aberrations carried into the very being and mechanism of the universe. It was thus, in the superb expression of this longing for a faith which his reason would not admit, that he may be said to have denied divinely the divine. Newton also turned from his contemplation of inexorable natural law to the most orthodox and childlike confidence in Providence and the medley of Hebraic prophecy. We are apt to forget, that besides his "Principia" he wrote an exposition of Daniel and the Apocalypse. Lucretius, intellectually a man of science, emotionally a poet, seeks relief in pure negation, and balances annihilation against the world. Newton apparently never tried to connect his science and his religion or saw any difficulty in embracing both at once; his dualism of nature and deity was of that mechanical sort which is only possible when a man has not stopped to realize his ideas in actual human experience.

IV.

Sir Thomas Browne, it is needless to say, stands far below Lucretius in emotional vigor and as a man of science is not to be named with Newton; but in his method of escape from an overweening naturalism he has a place of his own in the long battle of the spirit. In him the witness within does not speak in the Lucretian voice of magnificent denial, nor is it, like Newton's, a mere echo of a past faith; but makes itself heard in every act of the intelligence. Always there is present the sense of something other and different lurking beneath natural law and peering out at the observer with strange enticements; and this to him was the great reality. He is one of the purest examples of the religious imagination severed from religious dogma or philosophy; dualism with him takes the form of an omnipresent and undefined mystery involving, and sometimes dissolving, the world into wonder—a dangerous faculty, one may add, and apt to run with time into the thinnest wash of romanticism, but

saved in him by a sturdy regularity of character.

He was no systematic philosopher, nor is the "Religio Medici" constructed on a rigid argument—far from it. Yet, with all its fantastic divagations and its quaint confessions, this desire to restate facts in accordance with the author's "solitary and retired imagination" is never long absent and gives it a strong unity of effect. "The whole creation is a mystery," he says; " . . . a dream or mock-show, and we all therein but pantaloons and antics." Rather: "in this mass of Nature there is a set of things that carry in their front, though not in capital letters, yet in stenography and short characters, something of divinity, which to wiser reasons serve as luminaries in the abyss of knowledge, and to judicious beliefs as scales and roundles to mount the pinnacles and highest pieces of divinity. . . . This visible world is but a picture of the invisible, wherein as in a portrait things are not truly but in equivocal shapes, and as they counterfeited some more real substance in that invisible fabric." Theology itself is saved by its "wingy mysteries" and "airy subtleties."

It was inevitable that such a mind, groping in the bowels and anatomies of nature for a justification of faith, should have been fascinated by the underlying mystery of death, which, while extending the claims of materialism to their logical consummation, startles the observer by its horrible *reductio scientiæ ad absurdum*. The accidental unearthing of some old mortuary vessels was, therefore, only the accidental cause that set our author off in wild pursuit of the paradox which finds in the absolute negative of death the affirmation of omnipotent mystery. Through all the pedantries of the "Urn-Burial," with its notes on funeral customs jumbled together from every conceivable source, it is the glimpse of these mockeries of reason, breaking through the stiff language ever and anon with shrill vehemence, that keeps the interest of the reader alert: What is human pride before this imperious scoffer? "Now since these dead bones have already outlasted the living ones of Methuselah, and in a yard underground, and thin walls of clay, outworn all the strong and specious buildings above it, and quietly rested under the drums and trappings of three conquests; what prince can promise such durability unto his reliques?" Thus paradox swallows paradox, until at the end of the book, as all readers know, these tongues of eloquence leap together like the flames bursting upward from a funeral pyre, and the grinning contradiction of the tomb is lost in "the metaphysics of true belief."

Once again, in his "Letter to a Friend," Sir Thomas Browne takes up the theme of death; and again, as he tells of watching by the bedside of the young man who is fading away visibly into the invisible darkness, it is the strangeness of the miracle that absorbs him. He could not go to cure the body of a patient, he says elsewhere, without losing his profession in concern for the man's soul; but one interest of his own he must always take with him—his inquisitive research into the paradox of living and dying. Thus his "Letter to a Friend," with its lingering absorption in the present mystery creeping upon the world before the very eyes of the watcher

like an all-obliterating shadow out of the infinite, may be regarded as a complement to the "Urn-Burial," with its rhapsody on the memorials of the past. Together they would seem to say: Look hither and lay aside vain pretensions; there is no knowledge of death.

V.

Other writers, especially in more recent times, have undertaken to express this constant dualism of knowledge and wonder, of reason and mystery, which it was the main business of eighteenth-century philosophy to deny, but none with the same magnificent impetuosity as Sir Thomas Browne. Something of his power was due to his age, something to the solidity of his training; but still more to the imaginative burden of his language. Of style in one sense he possesses, indeed, little; unless sustained by poetic emotion, he is never safe from floundering in the most awkward verbiage. He is, more, perhaps, than any other author in English, dependent for his fame on purple patches. But at its best, there is I know not what excellence of sound in his language, a melody through which we seem to catch echoes of otherworldly music, that ravish the hearer into an ecstasy of admiration. He has, as he himself might say, transfused into words the magic of that Pythagorean numerosity which forever haunted his understanding.

It is not easy to discover the secret of these harmonies in words, for his manner varies from page to page. At times, particularly in his earlier works, the language is brief and direct, built up on the simplest Anglo-Saxon roots. More often it has a touch of exotic strangeness, due principally to the excess of Latin. "He has many *verbâ ardentia*," said Dr. Johnson, "forcible expressions, which he would never have found, but by venturing to the utmost verge of propriety; and flights which would never have been reached, but by one who had very little fear of the shame of falling." There is undoubtedly a danger in this constant recourse to Latin idioms, as may be seen in many of his imitators. Dr. Johnson, who is known to have modelled his style on Sir Thomas Browne's, was able to attain by this means a gravity which raises the commonplace almost to the sublime; but other writers only sank with its weight. Whole passages in "The Seasons," for instance, halt and stumble, as if loaded with foreign chains. Browne himself, we may suppose, employed this pedantic style, as did Milton and others of that age, primarily because his reading was so much more in Latin than in English that these outlandish terms came to him more promptly than their home equivalents. But there is also at times an artistic consciousness that the note of surprise was better obtained by these unusual words and the desired richness of harmony more fully developed. I do not know whether the musical difference of the Anglo-Saxon and classical elements in our tongue has been analyzed, but to me they seem in the hands of a master to be related to each other as a pure tone is to one rich in harmonics. There is a full and complex effect from the sonorous Latin words due to countless half-remembered associations, comparable to the undertones and overtones that give the note of the violin its pathetic appeal. Almost always we catch these echoes of the past in the lan-

guage of Sir Thomas Browne when most characteristic; they are heard clearly in such a passage as this, in the "Letter to a Friend":

And altho' he had no Opinion of reputed Felicities below, and apprehended Men widely out in the Estimate of such Happiness; yet his nobler Contempt of the World wrought no *Democritism* or *Cynicism*, no laughing or snarling at it, as well understanding there are not Felicities in this World to satisfy a serious Mind; and therefore to soften the Stream of our Lives, we are fain to take in the reputed Contentations of this World, to unite with the Crowd in their Beatitudes, and to make ourselves happy by Consortion, Opinion, or Co-existimation: for strictly to separate from received and customary Felicities, and to confine unto the Rigor of Realities, were to contract the Consolation of our Beings unto too uncomfortable Circumscriptions.

That may sound at first merely quaint, if not cumbrous; yet to the attentive ear what subtle harmonies unfold themselves. To understand the force of this deliberate Latinization, consider for a moment the contrast of the words *felicity* and *happiness* that stand so close together. The Saxon word is direct, strong, simple, with the associations of the common homely feelings of the day. But in that thrice-repeated *felicities* there is I know not what strange accumulation of meaning from the hopes and desires and disappointments of many peoples through many ages. I hear, as it were a deep undertone, the grave reflection of Virgil's *Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas*. I hear the pathetic phrase of Boëtius, thinking of his own fall from felicity and of the waning world: *Fuisse felicem et non esse*. That phrase, I recall, was caught up by Dante and placed in the mouth of his Francesca da Rimini: *Che ricordarsi del tempo felice*—"there is no greater woe than to remember in pain the time of felicity"; and from Dante it has passed into the emotional life of Europe. Echoes of the word come to me from great passages in Spanish and French, and last of all the plea of dying Hamlet to his friend:

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain.

Can any one fail to perceive the lingering sweetness and manifold associations of the word *felicity* here as it is contrasted with the quick, stinging Saxon words that follow? Such was the music of the emotions sought and obtained by Sir Thomas Browne in the passage quoted. To vary the metaphor, his cunning use of Latin words affects the ear like the hearing of some majestic fugue, in which the melody, taken up by voice after voice, is repeated and varied and interwoven until the listener by the long accumulation of sound is rapt out of the solid world into mystic admiration.

P. E. M.

Correspondence.

ROTOGRAPHS OF A WORCESTER CATHEDRAL MANUSCRIPT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In connection with the recent discussion (see the *Nation* for March 5, March 19, and April 2), as to the best method of reproducing the valuable manuscripts of

European libraries so as to make them accessible to students in America and elsewhere, it may interest many readers of the *Nation* to know that the library of Western Reserve University has just obtained rotographs of a Worcester Cathedral manuscript. These specimens of the rotographic process are certainly excellent, the white script on a black ground standing out boldly, so that in many places where the manuscript has been injured and the writing dimmed the reproductions seem to be sharper and more distinct than the original. With considerable experience in reading Old and Middle English, mediæval Latin, and old French manuscripts in the libraries of England, I should say the rotograph process, as the work is done by the Clarendon Press, is eminently satisfactory. So far I have not noticed that rotographs are any more trying to the eyes than any original mediæval manuscript of the same kind and size of script is likely to be.

For many of us American students who are not able to spend every summer abroad, such methods of making the treasures of the old world libraries available are little less than a godsend. And since the Modern Language Association adopted a plan at its last meeting for coöperative work among the libraries of this country in the rotographing of desirable manuscripts in the libraries of England, the day will no doubt soon come when American scholars engaged in research in the field of English literature, at least, may have the use of any valuable English manuscript by making proper application to one of the university or college libraries associated in the plan.

The Worcester Cathedral manuscript, Folio 172, mentioned above, was virtually unknown to scholars until a couple of years ago, when a brief account of its contents was published in *Modern Philology*, July, 1906. Later in the same year, a description of it was included in the "Catalogue of Manuscripts, Preserved in the Chapter Library of Worcester Cathedral," compiled by John Kestell Floyer and Sidney Graves Hamilton, and printed for the Worcestershire Historical Society. The manuscript consists of 213 leaves, measuring 11x8 inches, written by one hand in the second half of the fifteenth century. The contents embrace about twenty different pieces, all Middle English prose. Most of them are preserved in other manuscripts, and have already been made accessible in printed form; but in every case the dialect and style of the Worcester manuscripts differ materially from other known versions. Then there are two or three important long pieces, which are otherwise unknown in Middle English versions. The first is the "Disciplina Clericalis" of Peter Alfonsse, a collection of Oriental tales, composed in Latin by a converted Spanish Jew early in the twelfth century, which exerted a powerful influence upon mediæval, especially French, literature. The Statutes of Roger Niger, Bishop of London, 1229-1241, were originally composed in Latin, and a manuscript of the original is preserved in the Cambridge University library. But the Worcester manuscript contains, I think, the only known Early English version of this interesting and important episcopal document, which promulgated specific laws for the regulation and government of English religious and social life of the thirteenth

century in all its phases. Following the Statutes in the manuscript we find the Constitutions of William de Courtenay, Archbishop of Canterbury, 1381-1396, and of Archbishop Robert of Winchelsey, 1294-1313. Of well-known mediæval treatises the following are preserved in the Worcester Manuscript: "The Gospel of Nicodemus" (fragmentary); Richard Rolle of Hampole's "Libel of the Amendment of Man's Life, or the Rule of Good Living"; "A Treatise Against Ghostly Temptations"; "Epistola Alexandri magni ad magistrum suum Aristotelem"; the Deeds (or Acts) of the Apostles (Purvey's translation); "The Book of Contemplation, or the Divine Cloud of Unknowing" (better known, perhaps, as "The Ladder of Perfection"); the Psalter in Latin and English (a fragment ending with Ps. 83, 18, probably by Hampole).

WM. H. HULME.

Cleveland, O., May 21.

ENGLISH IN RELATION TO OTHER STUDIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I add one more word on the obligations of all teachers to the subject of English composition?

I quite agree with Professors Maurice G. Fulton, and H. P. Breitenbach, in your issue of May 21, that there is a good deal in the teaching of English composition that lies outside the interests and generally beyond the capacities of teachers of other subjects; but I think that their communications do not recognize the first problem that we teachers of English have to meet, viz.: the demand of the community that our pupils, whether in school or in college, shall be able to put their ideas in writing without exposing themselves to the suspicion of illiteracy. School committees, school superintendents, and headmasters would all admit, I think, that it is a disgrace to our system of education that large numbers of boys and girls graduate from our high schools with such outward and visible habits of illiteracy as bad spelling, abortive sentences, and senseless paragraphing. There is a minimum of correctness and freedom of expression, with which every child has a right to expect that he shall be equipped; that minimum many schools make little pretence of attaining.

When we look for the cause of this manifest failure of our school systems, there can be no doubt that it is in part to be found in the fact that teachers of other subjects condone illiteracy. If the public have a right to expect that their children's writing shall show that they have been to school, they must demand that all teachers besides being to some degree specialists in their subjects shall also use and enforce reasonably correct English.

It is important that the question of efficiency in the higher teaching of English should not obscure the more fundamental one of a minimum of literacy.

J. H. GARDINER.

Harvard University, May 24.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Two letters in the *Nation* on the teaching of English (March 19 and April 30) interested me greatly. Every effort to arouse teachers in other departments

to a sense of their duty toward English is an effort in the right direction. Mr. Herbert L. Baker, however, in your issue of April 30, seems a little extreme in his position when he says:

The practice of having various teachers on various subjects apply, by lecture or otherwise, the pouring-in process exclusively for days and weeks together, until the pupil has become more or less waterlogged mentally, and then sending him to another teacher to learn to pump himself out, seems a peculiarly abortive one.

In truth, is there a school in which this is done? Is there a teacher anywhere who continues "for days and weeks together" the "pouring-in" process, without the "pouring-out" process? Does not every teacher call for oral or written expression, or both, from his pupils at shorter intervals than the phrase, "days and weeks together" seems to indicate? The difficulty is that in many cases the teacher pays but little attention to correctness of form and mechanical structure, expecting the teacher of English to attend to that. Most teachers are to be censured, not for entire lack of expression on the part of the pupil, but rather for a lack of correctness and effectiveness of expression.

Mr. Baker continues:

By fixing the attention upon form, to the neglect, if not the exclusion, of subject matter, this process involves a separation between the teaching of thought and the teaching of expression, which is hostile to both.

My objection to Mr. Baker's position here is that he seems to assume that the student has nothing to express except that which comes from a class exercise. If this is true, the teaching of composition is absurd; but it is not true. To give an example from my own teaching: Last week I had a class of twenty boys and girls in second-year academy work write themes in exposition. They were to tell how they made something. Here more than in any other kind of composition they had an opportunity to use material they had gathered in other courses. Only one selected such a subject. One boy told how he made a porringer in the metal shop. All the other students selected subjects outside of class work. One told how he made a rabbit-trap—knowledge gained as a boy on the farm. Another told how he made a magic-lantern—an actual experience of early boyhood. These themes were much more interesting when read in class than if only processes with which all were familiar had been described. In a third-year class this subject was assigned for the students' first argument: "Examinations at the close of the quarter should (or should not) be abolished," the student to select the side he preferred. The efforts were crude (if they had not been, I should have known they were not original), but each student had his first opportunity of putting down in the form of written argument his own observation and experience upon a subject concerning which he had a very decided opinion—material that came from no text, that could have been gathered in no class, material that would never be used if each teacher looked after his own composition work.

Every person has a fund of thought which does not ordinarily find expression. One of the important duties of the teacher of composition toward the student is to have him formulate this inchoate mate-

rial and express it clearly and sincerely. Often a student writes a theme more mature than his experience seems to warrant. On inquiry I frequently find that the subject is one which he has had in mind for a long time; one which did not come from a class exercise. Is such material as this—more truly the student's own than any other with which he deals—to be pushed into the background while he puts forth only what he gains from his teacher or his class work? Such a choking-out process discourages freshness and originality, and tends to make the student only the mouth-piece of others.

MARGARET McLAUGHLIN.

Peoria, Ill., May 23.

THE SHAKESPEARE QUARTOS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your "News for Bibliophiles" of May 21 you give some features of W. W. Greg's "bibliographical bombshell," contributed to the English quarterly, the *Library*. One of these seems to me to have very little weight, and it would not have been offered by Mr. Greg if due consideration had been given to the technique of wood-engraving and printing. This argument, as you sum it up, is as follows:

All but one of the nine title-pages of these common editions contain a device with a Welsh motto. This device, originally the property of Richard Jones, was used by him frequently from 1593 to 1596, but, with the exception of these plays, it seems not to have been used again until 1610. Mr. Greg reproduces side by side the same device printed from the same wood block as it appears in Dent's "Plain Man's Pathway," 1605, and in the Shakespeare quarto. The 1605 volume shows that the wood block had just begun to split, while in the book dated 1600 the crack has opened wider and the flaw becomes much more conspicuous.

From these facts Mr. Greg draws the inference that the quartos bearing the date 1600 must have been printed after 1605.

Bearing in mind that the wood block had been used from 1593 to 1596, let us suppose that it had begun to split after being used in 1596, but that the printer had not taken the trouble to repair it, and had used it in the quartos of 1600 just as it was, for these quartos were probably produced as cheaply as possible. In these quartos the split or crack is quite prominent, but in 1605, when they came to use the block in Dent's book, the split had opened so that the block was no longer available without repair. They therefore resorted to a very common device; they bored one or more holes horizontally through the block, and through each hole they passed an iron bolt with a screw and nut on the end, and in this way they actually made the block better than it was in 1600. I have seen this done hundreds of times in the days before process work superseded wood engraving, and the method is so simple and obvious that it would naturally occur to any intelligent mechanic.

In this connection it might be well to ask if we have any evidence that Pavier cared anything for the dates of his quartos. To us dates are exceedingly valuable in relation to old books. A genuine first folio with a genuine date of 1622 would bring an enormous price; would it have brought as much as a copy with the date 1623 if it had been offered for sale in 1624?

I think not. And so in 1619; would not copies dated 1619 bring more in that year than copies which had been issued in 1600? What was Pavier's object in falsifying these dates? JOHN PHIN.

Paterson, N. J., May 22.

A SUGGESTION TO MAKERS OF GERMAN GRAMMARS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: So far as I know, all German grammars issued in this country represent the pronunciation of the name of the German letter *j* with the symbol *yot*. Is this transcription as accurate as it might be? I suppose, to be consistent, we should have to give the vowel *o* of this symbol the same value we find in words like *not*, *cat*, *blot*, whereas the name, as properly pronounced, seems to me closer to the sound-picture *yut*. To avoid any possible contamination with the *ut*-sound in *put*, it might be well to transcribe the name of the letter with the symbol *yutt*, thereby insuring the vowel-sound which we have in *butt*. The Muret-Sanders Dictionary represents the vowel-sound in question with a short German *o*, which is by no means identical with the short English *o*. It is, however, quite the same vowel we find in the German words *Gott*, *Spott*, *flott*, when properly pronounced. C. H. IBERSHOFF.

Cornell University, Ithaca, May 27.

THE VICE-PRESIDENCY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Our country has had a long and severe object lesson on the importance not only of having the President the best man available for the highest official position, but also of having the Vice-President the next best man for that position. We have had three Presidents assassinated within fifty years, and there are many other chances of a Vice-President becoming President. Yet we give the maximum of interest to the Presidency and the minimum to the Vice-Presidency, although the President-elect might die or be incapacitated between election and inauguration. We should change all this, if we wish gradually to raise the standards of our national government to those of well-managed private corporations.

ROBERT S. MINOT.

Boston, May 25.

Notes.

The Cambridge University Press (G. P. Putnam's Sons) will publish two volumes of lectures delivered by the late Prof. F. W. Maitland. One of these is from a course on "Constitutional History," and contains a survey of the Constitution at times dated by the deaths of Edward I., Henry VII., James I., and William III. The other volume is from a course of lectures on "Equity Law."

In this connection we may mention a slender volume from the Oxford University Press, containing two lectures on the life and work of Professor Maitland, by A. L. Smith of Balliol College, with a bibliography of Maitland's works.

David Nutt is about to issue volumes VIII. and IX. of Keating's "History of Ireland," edited by the Rev. P. S. Dinneen. This will complete the publication of a work which was begun by the Irish Texts Society in 1901.

Jacobs & Co. will soon have ready two books by T. H. S. Escott, the editor of the *Fortnightly Review*. One deals with "King Edward VII. and His Court," the other is "The Story of British Diplomacy."

From Harper & Bros. comes the news that Swinburne, since publishing "The Duke of Gandia," has been engaged in the final revision of what he regards as his greatest prose work, "The Age of Shakespeare."

Beckles Willson of Quebec House, Westerham, Kent, has already in hand 140 unpublished letters of Gen. Wolfe, whose life he is writing. He would be pleased to hear of any further new material bearing on his subject.

The prefaces to Volumes IX. and X. of the New York edition of Henry James's "Novels and Tales" continue his account of the conditions under which he wrote and the objects at which he aimed. Volume IX. contains "The Awkward Age," which was projected as a short story, but which illustrates "the quite incalculable tendency of a mere grain of subject-matter to expand and develop and cover the ground when conditions happen to favor it." The novel was published serially in *Harper's Weekly*, in 1898. After it appeared in book form the publishers told Mr. James: "I'm sorry to say the book has done nothing to speak of; I've never in all my experience seen one treated with more general and complete disrespect." Volume X. is made up of three tales which succeeded in being shorter: "The Spoils of Poynton," "A London Life," and "The Chaperon." The germ of "The Spoils of Poynton" was, Mr. James informs us, a casual hint, "dropped unwittingly by my neighbor, a mere floating particle in the stream of talk." This particle was a remark about "a good lady in the north, always well looked on," who was "at daggers drawn with her only son, always hitherto exemplary, over the ownership of the valuable furniture of a fine old house just accruing to the young man by his father's death." Of the second story Mr. James says:

"A London Life" would probably consort with a dozen of the tales by which I at one period sought to illustrate and enliven the supposed "international" conflict of manners; a general theme dealing for the most part with the bewilderment of the good American, of either sex and of almost any age, in presence of the "European" order.

But he admits that the story breaks down altogether "as a contribution to my comprehensive picture of bewildered Americanism." The story would have been in essence the same without the American flavoring. In discussing "The Chaperon," Mr. James offers us this suggestive generalization, which offers a key to not a little of his writing:

A short story, to my sense and as the term is used in magazines, has to choose between being either an anecdote or a picture, and can but play its part strictly according to its kind. I rejoice in the anecdote, but I revel in the picture; though having doubtless at times to note that a given doubt may place itself near the dividing-line. This is in some degree the

case with "The Chaperon," in which, none the less, on the whole, the picture ingeniously prevails.

"Discipline and contemplation," says Henry Dwight Sedgwick in "The New American Type and Other Essays" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)—"discipline and contemplation bring life to that ripeness which is the foundation of happiness, of righteousness, of great achievement." The words might be taken as the text of his book. They are the key to his comparison of the new American face with that of Washington's day, which forms the title essay; they are the sting of the following essay on "The Mob Spirit in Literature," and of the preaching to the end of the volume. Preaching, we say, for here and there, as in his comments on "American Colleges," Mr. Sedgwick passes from the style of the essay to that of the pulpit, and his ethical intention is everywhere evident. But the moral is good, and the manner entertaining; he has mingled the sweet and the profitable with commendable cunning.

In "The Schoolmaster" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), A. C. Benson puts into practice a theory of his that if only people wrote naturally about what they best understand they would be genuinely helpful. The book carries a faint suggestion of "The Parent's Assistant," and belongs to the *vade mecum* variety. It presents the advice and opinions of one who has himself been for twenty years a master at Eton, and, needless to say, presents them readably. The book appeals chiefly to the English rather than to the American schoolmaster, and that is probably the reason it is only now published in this country; in England it appeared six years ago. But, though we have no Etons here, we have many schoolmasters who tend to fall into ruts, and who may receive from Mr. Benson's suggestions a new glow of enthusiasm.

The most remarkable feature of the Highways and Byways Series, published by the Macmillan Co., is that so many volumes written by different hands should preserve such unity of tone, and, we may add, such uniformity of excellence. The latest volume, "Hampshire," by D. H. Moutray Read, is in the well-known vein midway between the guide book and personal reminiscences of travel, only carrying the permitted discursiveness of the series a little further than usual—perhaps a little too far. If the keys of a chapel are not readily forthcoming, Mr. Read jauntily passes—probably it contains nothing worthy of comment, anyhow. He treats you as if he were conducting you through his own estate, and took pleasure in pointing to this and that which he values for his own reasons. The result is entertaining. There are important cities and institutions in Hants—Southampton and Portsmouth and Winchester and Aldershot—but on the whole the literary associations are not of the first importance. The illustrations, by Arthur B. Connor, are in Joseph Pennell's manner, but are less satisfactory in the landscapes than in the glimpses of old houses.

As a supplement to J. A. R. Marriott's excellent life of Viscount Falkland (reviewed in the *Nation* August 1, 1907, p. 103) we are glad to call attention to a reprint (E. P. Dutton & Co.) of John Duncon's "Lady Lettice, Vi-countess Falkland,"

edited by M. F. Howard. When in 1639 "her dear lord and most beloved husband, that he might be like Zebulon (a student helping the Lord against the mighty), went from his Library to the Camp, and from his Book and Pen to his Sword and Spear," Lady Lettice was left behind with her mother at Great Tew, to sorrow and wait—and wait in vain. With the rashness of a contemplative man driven into furious action, Falkland threw away his life at Newbury in 1643. It is not hard to imagine the consternation that fell upon the household at Great Tew. From that time the bereaved wife gave herself up daily more and more to the mortifications of a religious life. She was confirmed in this practice by the death of her youngest and dearest son in 1645; her own release came the next year, at the age of thirty-five. A little before her death, her chaplain, John Duncon, had written out for her comfort a series of devotional exercises, in the form of letters from her with his replies. It is probable that those under her name represent the burden of her actual conversation with him, and it is certain that they were revised under her direction. These were published in 1648, and to a second edition (1649) Duncon added a biography of the lady in the form of a letter to her surviving mother. It is this biographical letter that we now have in a reprint, with extracts interspersed from the rest of the correspondence. There is altogether too much pious ejaculation and too little narrative in the good chaplain's memorial, but through all his religious platitudes there shines the image of one of those beautiful and unworldly women of the seventeenth century, a companion to the mother of George Herbert, to the wife of Col. Hutchinson, to Lady Fanshawe, and to how many others whose names sweeten the memorials of those turbulent years. There is something of the savor of Little Gidding in the management of Great Tew. Indeed, one of Duncon's brothers had been sent from the Ferrars to George Herbert's deathbed in 1633, and was entrusted with the poet's manuscripts; it is likely that John Duncon had personal acquaintance with Little Gidding and influenced Lady Falkland to follow it as a model. We seem to read the secret of her devotions in her own words: "Oh, I have had my portion of these very comforts with the first; no woman more; but there is no lasting or true pleasure in them: There is no real comfort from any espousals, but from those to Christ." Elsewhere, commenting on her renunciation, the biographer adds:

It sounded very harshly to some of her dearest friends when she said, "Oh, love me not, I pray, too much!" until she added, "and God grant I never love my friends too much hereafter, that hath cost me dear, and my heart hath smarted sore with grief for it already."

The title of "The Curse of the Romanovs," by A. S. Rappoport (the McClure Co.) hardly suggests serious history; and yet the book is intended to be serious, as the reader sees when he has got far enough along, and has learned what to overlook. Some of the chapter headings would do for a yellow journal; for instance, "The Birth of a Tyrant," "Love in a Palace, or, The Love Letters of a Princess," "A Modern Caligula," "Finita la Commedia, or, The Mysterious End." The first

chapter, "From the Colosseum to the Kremlin," is turgid rant; but after that matter and manner begin to improve. The author, if not sympathetic, is at least no longer obviously unfair, and he has used standard authorities. The result is an interesting, if not a very original, account of the private life of the unfortunate Russian Emperor, Paul, and of the early years of Alexander I. Paul, who was none too normal, even before his accession, was dangerously out of his mind in the later part of his reign. Great as his mother's sins against him may have been, we cannot blame her for wishing to pass him over, and to transmit the Imperial crown directly to her grandson. But for the sudden death of the Empress, this step would probably have been attempted. Of course, Mr. Rappoport has little tenderness for any Romanov, and he finds Alexander guilty of at least connivance in the murder of his father. Mr. Rappoport does not say, however, what other course the heir to the throne should have followed under the extraordinary circumstances in which he found himself. His liberty, if not his life, and those of his brother and mother were threatened by the jealous suspicion of a madman, who had already caused wanton suffering to thousands of innocent people, and who was not only making life unbearable to those about him, but was plunging the empire into disastrous war. That madman was an absolute sovereign, who could only be removed by force. Can we blame Alexander for having consented to the measure? He took what precautions he could by obtaining a promise that his father's life should be spared; and, though the promise was not kept, the parleying between the conspirators and the Emperor Paul, when they had him in their power, would seem to show that they had no immediate design of assassination; but were hurried into it by fright at the tumult outside. Alexander's horror when the news was brought to him, and his life-long grief at his share in the tragedy are testimonies not so much to his guilt as to the tenderness of his conscience. At the worst, we can only accuse him of a knowledge that a fatal outcome was possible. As Mr. Rappoport goes on he judges Alexander more leniently.

In an essay entitled "Safed in the Sixteenth Century," the most important of his "Studies in Judaism, Second Series" (Jewish Publication Society), Dr. S. Schechter, president of the Jewish Theological Seminary, introduces us to a little world, strange and unreal, brought into being by the combined forces of persecution and of the curious philosophico-religious movements that agitated Judaism at the close of the middle ages. Here, in the highlands of Galilee, a community sprang up devoted to a holy and spiritual life. Its austerity was relieved by the almost ecstatic joys which the teachings of the great masters of the law and of the Cabbala afforded, as well as by the sunshine of the Sabbath, which was venerated and welcomed as Queen Sabbath. In the sixteenth century Safed was large and prosperous, its population being made up largely of Jews who had been driven from the Spanish dominions and Portugal, or who had come from northern Africa and other Mohammedan regions. There were as many

as eighteen Talmudic schools in this city, which, under such sages as Caro and the Cabbalists Cordovero and Loria, became the centre of learning in Palestine. Dr. Schechter asserts that "there can be little doubt that no place in Jewish history since the destruction of the Holy Temple could point to so brilliant a gathering of men." The author gives us interesting glimpses of the "simple life" of the people of Safed, where everybody "attended to his own domestic work." The decline of Safed began about the beginning of the seventeenth century. Although still one of the largest towns of Palestine, it lives in the memories of its past. An earthquake in 1837 destroyed several thousands of its inhabitants.

Frederick McCormick's letters from Manchuria, where he made the campaigns of 1904-05 with the Russian armies, have been reprinted in two volumes by the Outing Publishing Company, under the title, "The Tragedy of Russia in Pacific Asia." There are many chapters in the book that are as clumsy as the title, not least among them the opening chapters on political conditions in the Far East and the causes that brought on the war. The narrative here is often obscure, ill-connected, largely speculative, and carries in consequence no large sense of authority. A good deal that is elementary even to the ordinary reader is presented in unnecessary detail, and much that even the specially equipped reader does not know is taken for granted. Mr. McCormick gives evidence of satisfactory acquaintance with the material side of his subject—that is, the country, the language, the nature of the people, and the military events he was there to chronicle. It is, perhaps, nothing against the author that some of his battle descriptions convey no distinct impression of unity. That is often the defect of the minute narrative of an eye-witness, who can see only part of the engagement. On the other hand, the story of the Russian retreat from Mukden is a magnificent piece of descriptive writing, all the more successful because there is no striving in it after the effect that is to be obtained by mere words. Evidently Mr. McCormick was carried away in spirit, as he was actually in body, by the fugitive torrent that broke from Mukden and poured in panic sixty miles without rest to Tie-ling in the north. Here the writer has done more than describe vividly: he has actually realized. The illustrations, consisting of photographs and sketches by the author, are admirable.

The demand within a year for a second edition of Prof. Mary Whiton Calkins's admirable book, "The Persistent Problems of Philosophy" (The Macmillan Co.) is a merited recognition of its serviceableness to students and teachers of philosophy. It was necessary, Professor Calkins states, to make the new edition ready at a few days' notice. It contains, consequently, few changes, and these are not numerous or extensive enough to alter the original paging of the book. They involve no important modifications of doctrine, but are made chiefly to secure greater accuracy and clearness of statement on some of the more disputed points in the opinions of modern philosophers. The new edition calls, therefore, for no new critical comment

"Studies in Chaucer's 'House of Fame'" (published for the Chaucer Society by Kegan Paul, French, Trübner & Co., London), by Wilbur Owen Sypherd, professor of English in Delaware College, is the most comprehensive work on the sources of this poem which has yet appeared. We do not believe in the main thesis of the book, viz., that the poem is a love-vision and owes its conception to contemporary French poems of that character. Nor do we believe that Chaucer's work has any "meaning" beyond what lies on the surface. In our judgment he aimed simply at working out his allegorical conception of Fame and her dwelling-place, and, if he is somewhat slow in reaching this central conception, no one need be surprised at this in a mediæval poet—all the less so in this instance, as the world has found the preliminary stages of Chaucer's journey, on the whole, very agreeable. Notwithstanding these objections and some others—such as the author's acceptance of Professor Lowes's early dating of the poem—he has given us a very instructive as well as very detailed study of the sources. He rightly insists on the influence which the mediæval conception of Fortune has had on Chaucer's Fame and her house. Interesting is the parallel of the Rock of Ice on which the House of Fortune rests in the "Panthère d'Amours." The suggestion that Chaucer's watted House of Tidings is derived from the Old Irish wicker houses is a novel one, and may well furnish the solution for this feature of the poem.

The portion of the Bosworth-Toller Anglo-Saxon Dictionary, for which Dr. Bosworth alone was responsible, has always borne an evil reputation among scholars and the authorities of the Clarendon Press from the beginning promised, after the completion of the work, a supplement which should correct the deficiencies of this first issue. The first section of the promised supplement (Henry Frowde), extending from A to Eorth, and prepared by the competent hand of Prof. T. N. Toller, has now appeared. It is a pity that the old issue of Dr. Bosworth's work was not cancelled altogether and an entirely new treatment of this part of the Anglo-Saxon vocabulary entrusted to Professor Toller. As it is, one has to look through both the original issue (with all its inaccuracies) and the supplement, to settle the meaning of a word. The supplement contains many words not included at all by Dr. Bosworth, but more frequently merely additions and corrections to articles by him. How thorough-going the changes are will appear from a comparison of the number of pages in the two—192 in this section of the supplement corresponding to 255 in the original work. Notwithstanding the drawback mentioned above, this dictionary will remain indispensable to all students of Anglo-Saxon, especially on account of its abundance of illustrative quotations. On comparing it with some of the numerous treatises on special branches of the Anglo-Saxon vocabulary like those of Jordan, MacGillivray, and others, one still observes now and then the omission of a rare word, such as ealfara (beast of burden), benne (reedgrass), ealdfaeder, in the sense of "patriarch," etc. Such omissions, however, do not seriously detract from the usefulness of this important work.

A work which promises to be of great

interest to students of Danish literature is entitled "Tider og Typer" (Epochs and Types of the History of Danish Genius), by Dr. Vilhelm Andersen. The author, one of the ablest of the younger generation of Danish critical writers, has just been appointed a professor of literature in the University of Copenhagen. The plan of the work is ambitious. The volume now published (Copenhagen and Chicago: Gyldendal Publishing Company) as the first of the first series, which is to be devoted to humanism, covers the humanistic phases in the development of Danish genius from the earliest specimens as represented by Saxo Grammaticus down to the time of Holberg, a period of about 500 years.

Dr. Lydia Wahlström's biography of Erik Gustaf Geijer (Stockholm: Norstedt) is based on much new material, especially his own early letters and still unpublished documents, which are the basis of the treatment of Geijer's relations with Hans Järta before and after Geijer's desertion from the conservative ranks. This side of Geijer's life is treated with more fulness than the rest, and rightly; for the sight of a truly conservative man, a scholar and politician of high rank, who abandons his early associates and allies himself with former adversaries, who puts himself virtually outside the pale, because the logic of events has compelled him to change his views, is a rare one.

Prof. Friederich Paulsen, of Berlin, publishes in the *Internationale Wochenschrift*, No 15, an interesting paper "Der nationale Charakter der höheren Schulen Deutschlands und die Grundtendenz der jüngsten Schulreform." He discusses fully the reforms now being planned for the nine-year courses in all three types of secondary schools, the classical *Gymnasia*, the semi-classical *Realgymnasia*, and the scientific *Oberrealschule*. Paulsen favors a division of these schools into two institutions, largely after the manner, as he himself states, in which the work done by them is in America divided between the high school and the college. He further urges the introduction of a limited elective system in all the higher classes. Professor Paulsen has also recently published through Reuther & Reichard, Berlin, a discussion of the sex problem from the pedagogical point of view, entitled "Moderne Erziehung und geschlechtliche Sittlichkeit," with the sub-title "Einige pädagogische und moralische Betrachtungen für das Jahrhundert des Kindes." The same firm announces a third and fourth *stark vermehrte Auflage* of Professor Paulsen's "Philosophia Militans, gegen Klerikalismus und Naturalismus."

It is not often that a professor of mathematics turns aside from his specialty, as Prof. L. Pochhammer, of Kiel, has done in his "Zum Problem der Willensfreiheit: eine Betrachtung aus dem Grenzgebiet von Naturwissenschaft und Philosophie" (Stuttgart: Max Kiemann). The author opposes monism, and insists that it leads to fatalism. He finds in man's mind powers which he calls supermaterial, and declares that these coöperate with the powers of nature in the production of activities.

"Napoleon-Anekdoten," by G. Kuntze (Stuttgart: Robert Lutz) consists of two volumes of anecdotes and stories. The effort has been to select only those which are au-

thenticated and which characterize the man and his work.

The new series started by the two Leipzig historians, Professors Erich Brandenburg and Gerhard Seeliger, under the title *Quellensammlung zur deutschen Geschichte* (Leipzig: B. G. Teubner) begins with a work of 260 pages by Johannes Haller, "Die Quellen zur Geschichte der Entstehung des Kirchenstaates." Only the sources are given, but these fully and fairly, on this controverted matter.

The Verein der Bücherfreunde, since its organization in 1891, has published, in attractive form and at a low price, 128 volumes, in 16 series of 8 volumes each, of belles-lettres, chiefly fiction, science, biography, and the like, exclusively from modern writers. A seventeenth series is now announced of which "Kiautschou: Deutschlands Erwerbung in Ostasien," by Weicker, is the leading attraction. Among the other works will be novels by Hans Fischer, Ottomar Enking, and Georg Neudeck, and the story of the life of Queen Elizabeth Christine of Prussia by Eufemia von Aldersfeld-Ballestrem. The publisher is Alfred Sokall, Berlin.

Prof. Friedrich Delitzsch has published through the J. C. Hinrich'sche Buchhandlung, Leipzig, a small work entitled "Mehr Licht; die bedeutsamen Ergebnisse der babylonisch-assyrischen Grabungen, für Geschichte, Kultur, und Religion." The topics considered are demonology, angelology, and satanology. Data merely touched on in the author's "Babel und Bibel" are here enlarged. The work is well illustrated.

Dr. Adelbert Düringer publishes through Veit & Co., Leipzig, "Nietzsche's Philosophie und das heutige Christentum." Nietzsche's criticisms of Christianity are declared to be the outcome, not of reason and logic, but of prejudice.

J. C. B. Mohr, Tübingen, announces for the spring of 1910 a third edition of the scholarly translation of the Old Testament, known as "Die Heilige Schrift des Alten Testaments," translated by Prof. Emil Kautzsch in conjunction with Professors Rudde, Guthe, Höllscher, Holzinger, Kamphausen, Kittel, Löhr, Marti, Rothstein, and Steuernagel. This edition will be a practically new work. Not only has the translation been thoroughly revised, and the literary apparatus been doubled, but brief commentaries will accompany every book. It will present in one volume, in translation and interpretation, the results of modern Old Testament research.

The reports from the headquarters of the German book trade in Leipzig state that during 1907 there were exported from Germany to foreign countries 42,012,520 volumes. Austria heads the list; and the next in order are Switzerland, Russia, and the United States.

The annual report of the British and Foreign Bible Society, just published, is more encouraging than for several years. Three new versions have been added to the society's list, making a total of 412. European immigration into North America has increased the demand for Testaments in which English is printed side by side with one or other of a dozen Continental versions. Of the issues for the year of 5,688,381 volumes, over one million were sold in China, while in Korea, Testaments

could not be supplied fast enough to meet the demand. The year's income amounted to a little over a million dollars.

The Harvard Library has received another large addition to its Risorgimento collection. This accession, consisting of about seven hundred volumes and pamphlets, is in part the gift of H. Nelson Gay and in part bought from library funds, but all the pieces were selected by Mr. Gay in Rome. Another shipment, now on the way from him, will contain about a thousand items, partly on this same subject and partly of a miscellaneous character. Most of these were bought by Mr. Gay at the recent sale of the library of Crispi, in Rome.

A notable addition has recently been made to the Chinese department of the Cambridge University Library, the nucleus of which consists of the gift of Sir Thomas Wade of the collection made by him during his forty years' residence in China. Several important *lacunæ* have been filled up. The library already possessed the gigantic anthology of the T'ang dynasty (A. D. 618-903), which contains over 48,900 selected poems; and now to this has been added a similar collection of the prose works of the same period, filling 401 volumes. There is also a rare encyclopædia in 120 volumes, which was compiled in the thirteenth century. Good editions of some of the best novels have been secured, and several collections of essays on light and interesting topics.

The eighth meeting of the Bibliographical Society will be held in conjunction with the American Library Association at Lake Minnetonka, Minn., June 24-25. The following papers will be presented: Report from the Committee on Americana, "A Preliminary Statement Regarding Materials for the History of the Scandinavian-American Press," by J. C. M. Hanson, Library of Congress; "Manuscript Hunting," Dr. T. C. Richardson, Librarian of Princeton; illustrated lecture, "Instruction in the Book Arts in Public Schools," Miss Gertrude Stiles, Chicago; "Lincoln Collections and Lincoln Bibliography," the Hon. Daniel Fish, Minneapolis; "Library Catalogue of the Future," H. W. Wilson, Minneapolis.

Dr. Louis Fréchette, the French-Canadian poet, died in Montreal May 31. Born at Lévis, in the province of Quebec, in 1839, he was educated at Laval University and Nicolet College. After admission to the bar, he lived in Chicago for seven years. Then returning to Canada, he was elected to Parliament from Lévis and practised law. Since 1889 he had been clerk of the Legislative Council, Quebec. For some years he was active in journalism; he edited *Le Journal de Québec*, *Le Journal de Lévis*, *L'Amerique* (Chicago), and *La Patrie* (Montreal). Among his volumes of verse are "Mes Loisirs" (1863), "La Voix d'un exilé" (1869), "Pêle-Mêle" (1877), "Les Fleurs boréales" (1880), "Les Oiseaux de neige" (1880), "La Légende d'un peuple" (1887), "Les Feuilles volantes" (1891), and "Veronica," a drama. His prose writings include "Lettres à Basile" (1872), "Originaux et détraqués" (1893), "Lettres sur l'éducation" (1893), "Christmas in French Canada" (in English), "Le Noël au Canada" (1900), and translations of W. D. Howells's "A Chance Acquaintance" and George

W. Cable's "Old Creole Days." Several of his writings were crowned by the French Academy.

Ernesto Masi died in Florence on May 17. He was born in Bologna in 1837, and after the unification of Italy he played an important part in organizing the national system of education. He had been for many years professor of modern history in the Istituto di Studi Superiori at Florence, and was widely known for important historical studies and critiques. Besides volumes entitled "Studi e Ritratti," "Nell' Otto Cento," "The Two Wives of Napoleon I.," he published essays on Savonarola, Gozzi, Alfieri, Goldoni, and the Burlamacchi, and edited the memoirs of Ranalli. We took occasion not long since (August 22, 1907, p. 165), to commend his remarkable brief analysis of the Italian Risorgimento, with a critique of the bibliography of the period. Although a Romagnole, he had as a writer much of the keenness, wit, and irony which are believed to characterize the Tuscan intellect.

MODERN FRANCE.

Contemporary France. By Gabriel Hanotaux; translated from the French. Vol. III., 1874-1877. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This third volume of M. Hanotaux's history fully sustains the interest of the two which preceded it. The first covered the ministry of Thiers. It described France rising from the abyss into which the war of 1870-71 had plunged her, and recovering her self-confidence all the faster from the undaunted spirit of the ardent and energetic little man whom the emergency had called to the helm. The second volume was chiefly filled with the long and complicated struggle between the four parties which divided France over the question of the form of government. At the beginning the Legitimists, possessing the most numerous following in the Assembly, seemed destined to succeed in placing the Count of Chambord on the throne of his ancestors as Henry the Fifth. But the magnificent obstinacy of that prince, who refused to assume the crown except upon his own terms, one of which was the substitution of the white flag of the old monarchy for the tricolor, foiled the efforts of his friends. Marshal MacMahon was installed as President for seven years, and the fact that he was installed as President of the republic, if it did not absolutely negative, yet practically discountenanced the theory that the whole proceeding was only tentative. But it did not prevent the Legitimists from still hoping to secure the reestablishment of a monarchy, and continuing to work in that direction.

The republic, however, was still little more than a name. It was necessary to give it a Constitution. The creation of that Constitution, with the beginning of a regular responsible government under it, is the theme of the present volume. Some pages are devoted to an account of the military and financial measures of 1875, and a full account (the more interesting because partly based on unpublished documents) is given of the relations of France and Germany, culminating in the famous "war scare" of 1875, which is here represented as having been deliberately organized by Bis-

marck. The diplomacy of the Duke Decazes met this anxious time with firmness and a good deal of skill; but the chief credit for inducing Bismarck to disavow hostile intentions and for restoring a measure of tranquillity to Europe is awarded to the Czar Alexander II. In this view M. Hanotaux seems to be right; but it may be doubted whether he does not do less than justice to the efforts for peace made by Great Britain, his animosity to which Power is scarcely concealed. The incident had an importance even greater than was seen at the time. It was the first conspicuous instance of the tendency towards a *rapprochement* between Russia and France which Bismarck always sought to avert, and which issued long afterwards in the Dual Alliance.

Apart from these matters, practically the whole of this volume is occupied with a narrative of the parliamentary conflicts of 1875 and the two following years. The story is told in much detail and with great spirit. Many were the alternations of fortune, many the combinations of groups of Deputies made and dissolved and remade. Notable was the parliamentary skill displayed by such leaders as Audiffret Pasquier, Buffet, Raoul Duval, Jules Simon, Dufaure, the Duke de Broglie, Gambetta himself. Much of the interest of the story lies in the characters of the principal actors, some of which have been sketched with finished art by M. Hanotaux. More than any one else, Gambetta is his hero. But he presents us with other well-drawn portraits. One is of Louis Buffet, the man of authority, whose temperament drew him to the Monarchists though he had professedly become rather a Republican than an Orleanist, a stiff, conscientious, unaccommodating man, trusted because he was known to be honest, but not liked; excellent in opposition, but too sensitive and too individual to be a good head of a Ministry. Another of Henri Wallon, a well-known professor and learned author—his "Histoire de l'esclavage dans l'antiquité" is still a book of value—is equally lifelike. None of these men, however, except Gambetta, won permanent fame outside of France. Few of them are now remembered even there. The main interest of the story lies in the singular process by which there was created a republic which has now lasted twice as long as any other form of government France has had since 1792, and which has so often escaped the dangers that threatened it as to seem now more likely to last than any one believed when it was founded. Its foundation came about by three causes, none of which could have been predicted. One was the inconceivable folly of the Count of Chambord. Another was the conscientious loyalty of Marshal MacMahon. The Marshal was himself a Monarchist. His wife was an earnest Catholic. But he was too upright a man to override the law and resort to the *coup d'état* towards which many of his Monarchist friends tried to push him. The third cause was the mutual suspicion and jealousy of the three monarchical parties. The Legitimists and the Orleanists, though secretly distrustful, each of the other, often worked together. But both hated the Bonapartists; and the Orleanist princes would appear to have been led by their fear of Bonapartism into negotiations with the moderate Republicans, which at a critical

moment greatly aided the cause for which the latter were working. The singular zig-zags by which the National Assembly approached nearer and nearer to a republican Constitution, at last dropping half unconsciously into it, are dramatically described by our author. "Do not seek for the principles which guided us: chance alone was our master," is the phrase which he suggests as the one the makers of that Constitution would have used to characterize their action. "The Assembly," said J. J. Weiss, "spent its years in dreaming of a monarchy, while realizing a republic." The Duke de Broglie, himself a collaborator, observed: "Everything in the law of 1875 bears the trace of an assemblage of irreconcilable elements, made with unthinking haste, with a view to transitory concord." Nevertheless, this Constitution, which did not even call itself a Constitution, has lasted (though somewhat altered), and lasted when a more elaborate and systematic instrument might have been overthrown.

Mr. Hanotaux dedicates eighty pages to a review of French constitutional history since 1789, and makes some interesting reflections on the currents of French thought which have during that period been flowing, now in one direction, now in another, yet which have always been distinctly and distinctively French. He shows how often the pendulum had swung back and forth; how men had fallen back on monarchy in the person of Napoleon, because terrified by the excesses of democracy; how the constitutional monarchy of July failed because it was based on a very limited suffrage which excluded the bulk of the nation; and how the empire of Louis Napoleon fell because after it had alienated the people by its corruption and its failures, it had in the consciousness of its own unpopularity brought itself into contempt by trying to assume the trappings of liberalism. After its fall, the leading men of wisdom in France, apart from the fanatics of legitimism on one side, and the fanatics of socialism on the other, felt that safety lay, for the time, at least, in a middle course, either a constitutional limited monarchy, like that of England, or else a carefully restricted and wisely tempered republic. The former alternative might have prevailed had there been an obvious person to choose as constitutional king. But the Count of Chambord had made himself impossible, and was excluding the Count of Paris also, so there emerged a republic conservative except in one point. It was a momentous point. It was universal suffrage. Most of the assembly disliked it, but they were swept towards it by a sort of "stream of tendency" which they could not resist. A limited suffrage had led to the fall of Louis Philippe. Universal suffrage offered what seemed a solid footing, because it was the bottom, and you could fall no further. Those who feared it, sought to limit its working partly by the institution of the Senate, partly by the large measure of authority which seemed to attach to Marshal MacMahon in respect of his election for seven years. There was in some minds a scarcely concealed hope that before the seven years had ended, he would establish a monarchy. But as the constitution made, not the president, but his ministers, responsible, following the Cabinet

system of England, MacMahon found himself obliged to bow to the will of the electors expressed through the chamber. Parliamentaryism prevailed. It has ruled France ever since, and latterly has in so far ruled better that there has been less oscillation of opinion, and more continuity of policy.

In M. Hanotaux's hands not even questions of constitutional law are dry. His views do not always seem to us correct, and his references to the United States show some want of knowledge. But about the actual French system he writes with the full comprehension of one who has been in the middle of it all, and a part of it, and his personal acquaintance with many of the prominent actors adds a further sense of reality. The book is interesting from beginning to end.

The Pleasant Land of France. By Rowland E. Prothero. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.50 net.

The title of this volume gives a semblance of unity to seven sketches and studies, ranging over agriculture, folklore, history, and literature, with the one common attribute of an all but exclusive bearing on provincial conditions of life and thought in France. Most important are two practical discussions of French farming and tenant-right, together with an elaborate contribution to the appreciation of Rabelais.

Of farming in France, Mr. Prothero justly claims wide knowledge, for the facility of his references to its extreme variety points to the kind of familiarity which marked the work of Arthur Young. Contrasting agriculture in England and France, the author gives an interesting demonstration of the causes which have tended to the production of fundamental differences in the practice of the two countries: the self-sufficing country, with all sorts of soil and climate, from the Belgian frontier to the Mediterranean, naturally fails to compete in certain specific lines with its less versatile, but more concentrated, neighbor across the channel. There enters also the potent factor of population, virtually stable in France, while increasing rapidly in England. Incidentally, the discussion takes up the claims of large and small ownerships, the *métayer* system, and concludes with a plea for the facilitation of peasant-proprietorship. In the next equally readable essay there is presented a sketch of the relations between owner and tenant in one or two French provinces, with a singular account of agrarian outrages resulting from neglect or violation of peasant feeling, instances of which are said to have occurred in Picardy within memory of living men. Still, any suggestion of conditions even remotely resembling Irish or Sicilian unrest must be misleading.

Mr. Prothero's treatment of Rabelais offers an interesting contrast to the recent study by Charles Whibley, among the prefaces to the Tudor Translations. The latter article emphasized chiefly the personality of the great satirist, in the tone and humor of Paul Stapfer's now classic study; Mr. Prothero lays stress on the substance and significance of Rabelais's teaching, and takes a middle course between the two conventional views which, respectively, portray him as a gross and ribald buffoon, or endeavor to find an ex-

alted scheme of thought under the apparent confusion and license, whether of idea or of expression. The interpretation of the hidden meaning contained in the oracle of "La Dive Bouteille" is by no means new or original. Most of the contentions here advanced are amply familiar to French Rabelaisians. It is surprising to find not even a distant allusion to the Odyssean character of the wanderings of Pantagruel. As to the more broadly liberal aspect of some of the ecclesiastical and religious tenets hazarded in the famous romance, it would have been well to suggest that doubts have been cast on the genuineness, here and there, of the text.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Stage Door. By Charles Belmont Davis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

This book exerts a fascination deserving analysis. The ten stories of Bohemian New York which constitute the volume gain greatly by their association. No one of them alone strikes the reader as really distinguished work; taken together, their unity of intention and effect is impressive. The author aims, if not always triumphantly, at a detached point of view; at his best, he makes us feel that the thing happened so—precisely so. At his worst, he is occasionally led astray into the cheaply sentimental or fanciful. Noticeably, he makes no capital of the shady possibilities of the material; there is nothing to excite the most careful ears. The plots are, in general, slight and not particularly ingenious. The familiar characters are drawn with no unusual power—half-successful singers, reporters, actresses, playwrights, singularly poor in emotion and unburdened by sense of sin. Yet there is a charm, surely not intrinsic, in this world of beer and smoke, of bachelor apartments, frumpish boarding-houses, and Bohemian restaurants, in the circle of the footlights, and the glamour of the street lamps.

By the time one has finished the book, one perceives that it is the class, not the individual, and the setting, not the plot, that have affected author and reader. To quote one of the heroes:

I tell you, Rita, the hall bedroom and the one dress and the one hat have had almost as much effect on some girls' lives in this town as mothers' prayers. What do you think?

The keynote of the book is struck in "A Modern Cleopatra," in a speech by Escott, a bankrupt young clubman, who knows that he ought to go West and begin again:

He walked across the room, and, raising the window, looked down on the black city with its myriads of yellow lights. The noise of the streets rose in a great wave, and as he held tightly to the window frame, the towers and church steeples seemed to waver slightly, and the high buildings to rock slowly on their foundations, and all seemed to be moving toward him. "My God," he muttered, "how I love it."

In the love of this vast element which engulfs them and shapes their destinies, these creatures of the underworld of art and song, without will or sturdy passion, live and move and have their being. The author's study is the triumph of atmosphere, the triumph of environment. All his characters acknowledge in their lives the mas-

tery of a higher will than their own—the will of New York. This idealism, however, redeems the Bohemians: their lives, unelevated, unlovely, tawdry in detail, are dedicated to what they esteem their highest worth. They are not slaves of routine, for their hearts are in their work; after their fashion, they live the life of the spirit.

Hester of the Hills. By Grover Clay. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

Sidney Stanton was an only child, as had been his father and his grandfather. He was, moreover, a puny child, and reached manhood only by incessant vigilance. Since he feared lest he might be the last of his family, his sole idea of a wife was a healthy peasant who should rear a mighty race. In the Ozark Mountains of Missouri he found his cracker candidate, took her on picnics, inspected her teeth, saw to it that she should have a few months' civilizing in the household of his St. Louis uncle and cousin, and in the end carried her off, an easy conqueror. When, some months later, through the pique of a discarded mountain lover, Hester learned that Mr. Stanton would hardly have sought her in marriage but as a source of strength for his descendants, she was displeased, and abruptly took the night train home, while Sidney stood "stockish" at the door, "nettled by his incapacity to hold her." Arrived at home in her dragged evening dress, she holds converse with her mother, who advises her to be glad that her husband feeds, clothes, and does not "whup" her. On this, Hester telegraphs her husband that she is "coming back on number two."

As a photograph of life among the cracker farmers and hunters of Missouri, the book is not without significance. Stanton's ownership of vast acres gives chance for statement of enlightened views on forestry. Uncle Brinkley and Sylvia, in educating Hester, make use, severally, of pompous learning and social incredibilities. The topography, customs, family histories, feuds, exploits, both tame and wild, of an only partly civilized mountain folk, are drawn with sharp edges; and so far the book has a place in the national gallery. As a "romance" it is singularly uncouth.

The Breaking in of a Yachtsman's Wife. By Mary Heaton Vorse. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A wholly charming little book is here, full of fun, salt spray, fickle sea breezes, contrary-minded tides. Madame takes us through her entire course of instruction. First, as an engaged girl she had to learn the relative positions of herself and a boat, considered in reference to the fiancé. Next came trying to like boats, then trying to learn to sail them, then really revelling in them and learning really to manage them; and finally settling back into thankful acceptance of whatsoever participation she is allowed—never so happy as when she is fussing about a boat, painting its sides or cleaning out its corners, rowing out after the rain stops, to hoist sails, or best of all, sitting by while her husband and his masculine friends squabble over academic questions of handling. She sings the joys of the boat on shore as well, making us hear the cheerful noises of an Amer-

ican shipyard, and conducting us to obscure regions in Venice, where gondolas receive their periodic grooming. She shows us too her lord and master, in his rueful experiences of the way of a Mediterranean boat with a Yankee.

Human nature under the influence of the boating passion is a study which Mrs. Vorse has prosecuted thoroughly, humorously, altogether delightfully.

Wolfville Folks. By Alfred Henry Lewis. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

You comes to Wolfville, an' it's as though you're beginnin' life anoo. Your past is as nothin' to that hamlet. It begins with you as you steps from the stage. It don't ask your name; it asks, "What may we call you," an' leaves you, as a proodent gent, to pick out what title is best adapted to your needs. As you go romancin' along from day to day, it watches you; an' final, it endorses you or lynchies you as seems jest an' mete."

With so engaging a scene as background, how could the sketches of Wolfville Folks be other than desirable? None surely can read them and fail to feel a substantial attachment to the Old Cattleman, who is the narrator; to Doc Peets, "the genteelest sharp, an' the best eddicated, that ever dwells in Arizona"; to Sam Enright, "the soul of fairness"; to Cherokee Hall, "predestined kyard-sharp" though he is; to Faro Nell at his right shoulder "lookin' out the play"; to the rest of the camp, which cars its daily flapjacks at the O. K. Restauraw and then adjourns to the Red Light, where Black Jack, the barkeep, holds sway. The episodes that illustrate these gallant gentlemen's fine honor in dispensing justice and in defending weakness are only less winning than the wonderful language of their telling. For variety and adequacy the tongue of the Arizona camp is unapproachable. Taking dialect and story together, the book more nearly than any other we can recall tugs at those muscles of mirth that Artemus Ward first played upon. One feels almost like an Englishman discovering American humor.

The Avenger. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Modern improvements multiply. When upon a London murder and mystery story is grafted the plight of a queen of Mexonia, with its appeal to chivalry, one recognizes the fusion of two schools of fiction. The combination has its advantages. For what more natural than that royalty from one of the *i-a* countries should have a following, male and female, as devoted as ever were adherents of the Stuarts? And what more consequent than that when the man who stole the letters is found dead with a silken cord drawn tightly around his neck, suspicion should fall on the group, on their friends, and their friends' friends, while the London neighbors of the murdered one, knowing no queen, no Mexonia, no plot, no stolen letters, make precisely the right medium for mystery and conjecture? The long list of *dramatis personæ* thus provided is made up of figures unusually well defined and well projected for a mystery story, where characters too frequently allow themselves to be mere pegs on which to hang testimony. "The Avenger's" folk are nicely alive—all who are not killed. Its

manner places it in the class of novels of comfortable manslaughter—smooth-running, readable, pleasantly puzzling. When it comes to the identification of the murderer we take frank issue with the author, and tell him we do not believe it! Either the little boy lied who told Mr. Oppenheim, or the proof-reader was careless.

Science.

Psychology: General Introduction. By Charles Hubbard Judd. 3 vols. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Only the first volume of these three is devoted to theoretical psychology; the other two, smaller in size, are concerned with the practical work of the laboratory, and are admirably adapted to their purpose. The general discussion of the subject is also original, illuminating, and in the main remarkably convincing. The only question is whether (as far as it is boldly original) it has found its proper audience in a class of students: matter which is as yet uncriticised by one's fellow scientists may have to be given up in the end; and the student is not a fitting judge of controverted points. But it may be that the slow building up of defences against critics will follow later on.

As the critic is explicitly warned in the preface, the point of view is throughout functional and genetic; an unusual amount of space is given to the physiological accompaniments of mental life (an admirable feature); and while analogies with lower forms of life are given full weight, special stress is laid on the elucidation of the so-called "ideational processes," which are apparently nothing more than what the classical psychologist might have called reflection, or even cognition. It is easy to treat with too much scorn the so-called structural psychologists. Functional psychology is not so much a new psychology as the addition of fresh subjects of interest to the psychology already known. A sorry mess we should make of our functional psychology if the way had not been prepared by the structural psychologists with their keen analyses. Sensations will never cease to be structural elements of consciousness, no matter how much light may be thrown hereafter upon the way in which the mind works. The trouble with the structural psychologists is not so much that they begin with elements (*i. e.*, constituents of mental experience not farther analyzable), but that their analysis into elements is so often wholly inadequate and wrong. One might think that, busy as they are in examining the contents of children's minds, they had never given any attention at all to the contents of their own, when one sees them persistently maintaining, for instance, that all is made up out of sensation and feeling. To another generation it will surely seem incredible that the experience of being conscious that a relation holds between two sensations (that this blue, *e. g.*, looks brighter than that blue) is composed of either sensations or feelings, or any combination of both.

It is a curious fact that psychology, which is now no very recent science, has not yet been put upon a firm foundation as regards its first principles and its undefinable con-

cepts (to use the terms of the mathematician). There is no "consensus of the competent" as to the right final analysis of conscious processes. In regard to many of the later doctrines of the subject, and still more strikingly to the foundations, it is not too much to say, as Prof. M. W. Calkins says of the various doctrines concerning attention, that "no one theory has the undivided support even of any one scholar." This state of things, while it is somewhat discouraging as to outlook, has the effect, of course, of making the subject all the more a field of absorbing interest for enterprising minds. What is most to be dreaded is that opinion should be crystallized too soon, and without sufficient thoroughgoing criticism. It is, consequently, good to find that Professor Judd has a method of his own for effecting the fundamental analysis. His types are five in number: sensation, relations between sensations, reactions to sensations (what he calls attitudes, including here feeling, interest, and attention), memory and the ideational processes. This classification will doubtless meet with due criticism in the proper places; it suffices here to say that it leads to a discussion which is fresh, vigorous, and interesting in the extreme. Chapters of particular interest and force are those on "Instinct and Habit," and on "Experience and Expression." The sensations are very adequately treated; in particular, the present reviewer can but admire the acuteness and illumination with which the topic of color theories (usually made most tiresome) is here handled. Less successful, perhaps, is the doctrine of space and time; and intensity is far from deserving the stepmotherly treatment which it gets. One would have expected that the order of the book, and the dividing up into chapters, would have followed closely upon the dividing up of the conscious processes, but such is not the case.

There are certain fictions which conduce, no doubt, to the production of a neat, well-ordered structure of psychological science, but which are exposed to the danger of almost certain overthrow as knowledge progresses. Thus, to give an example of many in one (common, of course, to other psychologists also):

As in the case of sensations, we have physiological processes which parallel and condition these complex phases of conscious experiences. Relational combinations conditioning the relational forms of consciousness are continually going on in the nervous system, especially in the cerebrum; and motor processes are always present as the ends of nervous activities and as the conditions of mental attitudes.

Now it is a part of our psychological and epistemological faith that all conscious experiences have fixed cerebral accompaniments, but this is a very different thing from saying that we know it to be the case, as plain matter of fact, in particular instances. Still less can we say, with any chance of correctness, that there are relational combinations in the cerebrum conditioning the relational forms of consciousness (even if we could know what such "relational combinations" might be); nor that motor processes are always present as the end, for instance, of abstract thinking. When the student has thought out the fact that in circles the greater chords are the nearer to the centre, he stores up his result—perchance—for future action; but to say that he acts upon it at the time is a part

of fictional psychology. So also the doctrine that the "condition" (that is, the sufficient and indispensable physiological accompaniment) of being satisfied with a certain conjunction of colors (what would be classed here among mental attitudes) is any motor process whatever is imaginative in the extreme. Affections may invariably have, perhaps, appropriate circulatory and respiratory accompaniments, but these may nevertheless be of a secondary nature, and the real "condition" may be, for aught we know at present, something very different there may be any number of chemical, mechanical, electrical, radio-active, or as yet unknown processes in the cortex which are the real thing involved. In such a case as this, imagination and analogy with less enormously complicated nervous structures are but uncertain guides to truth. In fact, the author himself theorizes to more purpose when he says, on a later page, without noticing the contradiction, that it is the central processes which determine the motor discharges into the muscles that constitute the immediate conditions of attitudes. But this is based upon and amounts to nothing more than the familiar doctrine of psychophysical (or what should rather be called psychophysiological) parallelism. But this is carping criticism, and it amounts only to saying that psychology is not yet a completed science, with the added warning that love for completeness should not be allowed to outrun plain laboratory demonstration.

The most defective portion of this book is that on the formation of the concept, a title which is forced into covering the judgment and the process of reasoning as well. Science is defined by Judd as the effort to develop a coherent body of concepts. Now, it is true that, when science has all been found out, and has long since become an old story, every judgment will be old, banal, non-informational, matter for the conversation of bores; and all knowledge will be packed away in concepts. But that time is now far in the future, and the content of libraries of science is at present very largely in the form of explicit judgments, propositions, or "items of knowledge." Concepts are the coin of thoughts, and thoughts will not be good and effective unless the concepts are adequate—that is, sharp, clear, well-minted, and widely accepted at their face value. But to be in the possession of good concepts is not to be a good thinker, nor necessarily to be a thinker at all. Thought, in the best usage of the term (see Eisler), is identical with all judgments, and uses good concepts merely as good tools. But tools alone are not enough to constitute carpentry. This whole chapter should be recast in the light of a stricter logic. But it is noticeable that the psychologists have one and all been particularly unfortunate when dealing with this difficult subject.

In a mere review, unhappily, fault-finding has to be set out and explained at large, while commendation can usually be expressed in a few lines. Thus we can but repeat that this book contains an unusual amount of admirable introspection, analysis, and reconstruction, and that it must be regarded as a valuable contribution to the subject of which it treats.

The J. B. Lippincott Co. is about to pub-

lish "The Perfect Garden," by Walter Page Wright, editor of the *Gardener*. The book is said to be profusely and handsomely illustrated.

Prof. Robert De Courcy Ward's "Climate Considered Especially in Relation to Man" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), a volume in the Science Series, is singularly successful in meeting the object for which it was prepared. It was intended to be "read by an intelligent person, who has not had special or extended training in the technicalities of the science." The simpler divisions of the climatic zones as belts, more or less regular, extending around the earth, and the more elaborate subdivisions involving the contrasts of land and water, of lowlands and highlands, are presented in the first six chapters. Then follows a chapter containing a large amount of information regarding diseases that depend closely upon climatic conditions. Next follow three chapters on the life of man as affected by tropical, temperate, and polar climates; and finally a chapter on changes of climate. The treatment throughout is conservative. Professor Ward has evidently read widely and made a good selection of material; if his courses on climatology at Harvard are to be judged by what we find in his book, his students may be congratulated on receiving a well considered abstract of a large subject.

William Arnold Anthony, an electrical expert, died in this city, May 29. Born in Coventry, R. I., in 1835, he was graduated from the Yale Scientific School, and then taught science in Providence and Franklin, N. Y. Beginning in 1867, he held professorships successively in Antioch College, Iowa Agricultural College, and Cornell University. Since 1887 he has been a consulting electrician, and since 1893 a professor of physics at the Cooper Union Schools of Science. At one time he was president of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers. He has been a frequent contributor to scientific periodicals; he published in 1898 "Lecture Notes on the Theory of Electrical Measurements"; and, with Prof. C. F. Brackett of Princeton, he was joint author of a "Manual of Physics."

Drama.

Elizabethan Drama, 1558-1642: A History of the Drama in England from the Accession of Queen Elizabeth to the Closing of the Theaters, to Which Is Prefixed a Résumé of the Earlier Drama from Its Beginnings. By Felix E. Schelling. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$7.50 net.

It is illustrative of the rapid march of scholarship that a fresh study of the early English drama should appear only nine years after Ward's second edition. Ward's first edition appeared in 1875, the Preface of his second edition is dated July, 1898; Schelling's Preface is dated July, 1907. The English work and the American, though agreeing in substance, differ in scope and method. Ward continues his story into the Queen Anne period, ending with Addison and Steele; Schelling ends with 1642. Further, Ward's work is entitled "A History of English Dramatic Literature"; Schelling's "A History of the Drama in England." The distinction between dramatic literature

and drama has been observed by each historian. In Ward's work we find dramatic impulses, movements, and forms subordinated to authorship. For example, in Chapter iii, "Shakespeare's Predecessors," Lyly, Kyd, Marlowe, Peele, etc., are discussed one by one in order. Chapter iv, gives, first, an Historical Account of the Growth of Shakespeare's Fame; then, a Biographical Sketch; last, a discussion of the Poems and Plays. Thus the great dramatic writer is "disposed of" in 381 pages. In like manner Ben Jonson is disposed of in the 111 pages of Chapter v. If, on the other hand, we wish to follow in Schelling the several phases of Shakespeare's activity, we must study his English historical plays in Chapter vi.; his "Merry Wives" in Chapter vii.; "Love's Labours Lost," "Merchant of Venice," etc., in Chapter viii.; "Hamlet," "Romeo and Juliet," "Anthony and Cleopatra," in Chapter xii.; "Julius Cæsar," "Coriolanus," "Timon," in Chapter xiii.; "Cymbeline," "Winter's Tale," "Tempest," in Chapter xvii. Ben Jonson's work is similarly scattered. The explanation is that Schelling treats his dramatic authors, great and small, under such topic-headings as "The National Historical Drama," "Domestic Drama," "Romantic Comedy," "Romantic Tragedy," "History and Tragedy on Classical Myth and Story," "Tragicomedy and Romance." The individual dramatist figures as one of several factors in a general movement.

Which of the two methods is better? We have no dogmatic answer at hand. Assuredly, each method has its right of being. Perhaps Professor Schelling wished to avoid the semblance of treading tamely in the steps of his predecessor; perhaps—and this is our preferred supposition—he argued that the time was ripe for handling the drama as a succession of grand impulses rather than as a gallery of illustrious names. At any rate, the public is the richer by a novel method. Nevertheless, we fear that the general reader, who knows only his Shakespeare fairly well, and seeks to compare him as an entirety with his predecessors and successors as entires, will be puzzled more than once by this topic-grouping. At any rate, we fail to apprehend why "Anthony and Cleopatra" should be in Chapter xii. ("Romantic Tragedy"), and "Coriolanus" in Chapter xiii. ("History and Tragedy on Classical Myth and Story"). To our way of thinking the late Egyptian tragedy is no more "romantic," no less "historical," than the early Roman play. The rider who sits firm in his saddle will follow with keen zest and abiding profit this zigzag after authors through topics, for he will get ever fresh glimpses of familiar objects; certainly his ear will be closer to the throb of the great English stage. But the rider less expert will, we fear, be constrained to dismount at many a turn and ask his way.

Within the narrow limits at our disposal we cannot attempt the briefest evaluation of our author's scholarship. Fortunately, Professor Schelling's reputation for accuracy and research does not need either testamur or caveat. We will only select a feature here and there for special praise or mild dissent.

In the matter of style the present work is decidedly stimulating; it carries the read-

er along more vigorously than does Ward's work. Our sole grumble is at the excessive use of the preposition-phrase "as to," where a simple "of" or "in" or "about" would be more legitimate. Occasionally one meets with an expression which is not quite authorized by usage. For example, in I., p. 257, the old play of "Jack Straw" is "the story of the villains' revolt"; true, we all know, or should know, that in our earlier language a peasant was called a villain, yet the modern historian entitles Jack Straw's rebellion the peasants' revolt. The Irish euphemism for fairies is not "other people," I., p. 395, but "good people." We wonder, also, how many of the non-elect will know who is meant by the "Christian Terence," II., p. 1. The French term *estریف* is in several places spelled *estریف*; this is neither French nor English.

Of the author's downrightness the following, I., p. xxxii., will serve as a specimen:

The happy Elizabethans were little troubled by the eternal fitness of things, and were as innocent of the existence of that monster, anachronism, as they were unaware of that strict code of twentieth-century morals whereby a man may not take his own thoughts, if he happen to find them in the works of one of his predecessors.

An apt sentiment aptly expressed, though not quite as searching as the venerable malediction: *Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt*. In more serious vein is this, I., p. 544:

Marston's situations, too, in their attempt at originality, lapse into the improbable and the absurd. He is apt to take his readers long journeys through the ooze and slime of the marshes in quest of his rare and exquisite orchids of virtue. But the quest is often well worth our effort; for, with all his defects, Marston is one of the great Elizabethan brotherhood, and shares in that strange mingling of earthiness with things spiritual and visions poetic which was the birthright of that fortunate age.

Even more admirable is the summing up of "Hamlet," pp. 561-2; but it is too long for quotation, and we have given enough to whet the reader's appetite. Of the individual chapters, those which please us most are Chapter vi., "The National Historical Drama," for which indeed we were prepared by the author's previous monograph on the Chronicle Play; and the final Chapter xx., "The Drama in Retrospect." Here, in sixty pages, is a panorama in miniature of the whole movement from 1558 to 1642. So clear, concise, and vivid is the treatment that we are tempted to advise the reader to begin with this chapter by way of getting at once in touch with the author's method.

It lies beyond our scope to enter into the minutiae of Shakespearean interpretation; else we might dissent from some of the author's remarks upon "Twelfth Night" and "The Merchant of Venice," upon Shakespeare's "negligence of plot," and upon the character of Julius Caesar. On the last two points we incline rather to Moulton. Yet, after all, Professor Schelling is a passed master in the diligent study of the drama in England, and few of us may aspire to rival him in erudition or in general sanity of judgment. His defects, if we have the right to use so harsh-sounding a word, are inherent in his very qualities. Knowing the drama of Old England from alpha to omega, he sometimes overlooks

or misapprehends the connection between that drama and general European literature, dramatic or otherwise. For example, from what is said in I., pp. xxviii. and 27, 77, the incautious reader might infer that the humorous treatment of King Herod and of Joseph the husband of Mary was a specifically English development; whereas nearly all, if not quite all, the humor lavished upon Biblical personages was an outcome of the general mediæval spirit. The fooling of the Devil, I., 356-7, is also general European; see Wünsche, "Der Sagenkreis vom geprellten Teufel," especially Section iii., "Der geprellte Teufel als Freiersmann." To say, I., 386: "The magician, on the other hand, dates back to no such antiquity, but is mediæval in origin and the creature of historical romance," is to ignore Simon Magus and all his tribe. The contests between the apostles and Simon in the apocryphal Acts, some of which are quite early, remind one of the struggle between Moses and the Egyptians in Exodus.

Our most serious objection, however, lies against the author's treatment of the origin of the liturgical drama. At p. 2 we read: "The drama . . . may be technically described in its beginnings as an antiphonal and mimetic development of certain tropes of the Mass, transferred to the celebration of Easter or Christmas." Again, p. 4: "In the Concordia, . . . ascribed to Dunstan, but more probably Ethenwold's [an evident misprint for Ethelwold], and dating about 967, there is a description of the ceremonial of a Quem queritis transferred to the celebration of Easter." The italics are ours. Now this entire theory of *transference to Easter* is, in homely phrase, putting the cart before the horse, besides misrepresenting the character of the mass. The Quem queritis in sepulchro trope did not originate in the sacrament of the mass proper, consequently could not have been "transferred" from the mass to Easter. On the contrary, the trope originated in the *matins of Easter Sunday*, and remained there an indeterminate period. The Christmas trope grew out of the Easter trope with a slight change of formula; the Quem queritis in sepulchro, Christicolæ, became Quem queritis in præsepe, pastores. That is, the three Maries at the sepulchre became the shepherds at the manger. The words of Lange, "Die lateinischen Osterfeiern," p. 78, are explicit:

Als Aufführungszeit ist in sämtlichen Denkmälern, wo dieselbe erkennbar ist, die Matutin des Ostersonntags bezeugt, in welcher die Feler ihren Platz nach dem dritten Responsorium *Dum transisset*, etc., hatte und als Regel mit dem Te Deum schloss.

Wirth, "Die Oster- und Passionsspiele," p. 3, says the same; and Creizenach merely echoes Lange and Wirth. The conclusion with the Te Deum is significant; that hymn has never formed a part of the consecration of the elements which constitute the mass proper.

Some fatality haunts the utterances of English writers on this point. Ward, in his first edition, speaks of the "pantomimical" element in the action of the celebrant, and repeats the error in his second edition, Davidson, "Studies in the English Mystery Plays," has a section headed "The Doctrine of Transubstantiation as a Dramatic Motive," and even Chambers speaks

of the mass as "an essentially dramatic commemoration." All this savors too strongly of the ultra Protestant hocus pocus of Prynne's "Histriomastix." We shall never attain to a clear understanding of the nascent liturgical drama unless we cut loose absolutely from the interpretation of the mass as mimetics and histrionics, a gross misconception, and confine our attention to a simple Easter morning service. Whatever the later Church plays may have become, the early liturgical plays in Latin were a simple but most effective presentation of the gospel story of the Maries at the sepulchre.

The Index is an admirable piece of work, as near perfection as anything of the sort is likely to be. The Finding List of Plays is also excellent; we note, however, the omission of the play of Thersites. Concerning the Bibliographical Essay we speak less confidently. It is too much an essay and too little a bibliography. To him who may have the patience to study it through and through it will be an instructive guide. But as a ready means of discovering, for example, what editions of a play are in existence and just what has been written on the play, the bibliography will be puzzling, if not disappointing, in places. The editor would have done well to discriminate, p. 442, between those publications which are genuine periodicals and those which are merely collections of monographs, e. g., Münchener Beiträge, Materialien zur Kunde, etc.

In parting we congratulate Professor Schelling on having produced a work of which we may all be proud, a work of which every note rings true, a work whose doctrine is throughout stimulating and helpful. We like especially the dedication "To my students," etc. It is a pity not more of us were thus frank in admitting that our students are our better half.

At the recent meeting of the Deutsche Shakespearegesellschaft in Weimar, the prize offered for the best work on "Hamlet" auf der deutschen Bühne bis zur Gegenwart, was awarded to Prof. A. von Weilen of the University of Vienna, and a second prize to Adolf Winz of the Royal Theatre in Dresden. Both of these productions are to be published.

It now seems probable that the great memorial to Shakespeare, which has recently excited so much discussion in England, may take the form of a theatre in London.

The poetic drama "Lanval," written by T. E. Ellis (Lord Howard de Walden) and recently produced in London, seems to be a work of respectable literary and fair theatrical quality. The story appears to be suggested by the adventures of Tannhäuser and the Scriptural Joseph. To begin with, Lanval, the Italian knight at the court of King Arthur, is enthralled by Triamour, the spirit-woman, "from the quiet of the middle world," whom he meets in a wood. For three months he dallies with the fair enchantress in the "middle world," which is understood to symbolize the world of dreams. Then he tears himself away, returns to the Arthurian court, overthrows Agravaire, a boastful knight, in the jousts, and becomes the object of a guilty passion on the part of Queen Guinevere, who seems to have forgotten both her husband and

Launcelot for the time being. Like Joseph, Lanval repulses her addresses, only to be traduced before the King by Queen Guinevere herself—whose love has turned to hatred—and doomed to banishment. The blank verse is said to rise at times to the level of good poetry.

Anna Haverland, one of the best-known actresses of the German stage, has died in Dresden. She came to America to act the title rôle in the first German performance of Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler," a part for which she was selected by the author when the drama was first given in Berlin. She was born in 1854 in Leipzig, and began her stage career there. Later she went to Dresden and took the leading parts in the modern and classic plays. She was at the Court Theatre in Berlin, travelled with the Meiningen players to London and St. Petersburg, and acted at various private theatres in Berlin. In 1890 she appeared in New York, and on her return to Germany she retired from the stage. Her greatest success was won in the tragic rôles, although she was highly praised in certain plays of Ibsen. She had written verses and essays which met with some favor in her own country.

Music.

Bayreuth and Munich are not the only German cities that will have opera festivals this summer. Cologne will have a series of performances lasting from June 11 to June 28. The operas to be sung are Wagner's "Tristan" and "Meistersinger," Mozart's "Figaro," Verdi's "Falstaff," and Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande." For this last-named work Mary Garden and the vocal ensemble of the Brussels Opera have been secured. Among the other artists engaged are Olive Fremstad of New York, Frieda Hempel of Berlin, Minnie Nast of Dresden, Frau Preuse Matzenauer of Munich, Carl Burrian of Dresden, Messrs. Demuth and Slezak of the Vienna Court Opera, Paul Knüpfer of Berlin, Albert Reiss of New York, and Messrs. Feinhals, Geis, and Von Kraus of Munich. The directors will be Fritz Steinbach and Lohse of Cologne, and Felix Mottl of Munich.

An opera of Bizet's which has not yet been produced in Paris was given in Rome a few weeks ago. Its title is "Don Procopio," and its history is interesting. One day, while Bizet was living in Rome as holder of the Grand Prix of the Paris Conservatoire (1859), he came across an old volume at a bookseller's which contained what seemed to him material for a good light opera. He wrote the libretto as well as the music, and when the opera was completed he sent it as a specimen of his work to the judges in Paris. In regard to it he wrote to a friend:

I am working hard; have just finished an opera buffa with which I am not dissatisfied, and hope the Academy will find that I have improved in my style.

Ambroise Thomas, however, was not impressed, and the score passed into the hands of Auber, who put it among a lot of papers, which, after his death came into the possession of his daughters. In 1894 Weckerlin, in sorting these papers, found

the opera which Bizet and his friends had given up as lost. The libretto was missing, but a new one was made by Choudens and Malherbe.

The death is announced from London of the composer Jacques Blumenthal, who was born in Hamburg in 1829, and came from Paris to England at the outbreak of the Revolution of 1848. Some of his songs, such as "The Message," "Good Night," "In the Shadow," and "In the Sunshine," were very popular.

Art.

Alessandro Filipepi, Commonly Called Sandro Botticelli, Painter of Florence. By Herbert P. Horne. Folio; pp. xv, 366; 42 photogravure plates. 225 numbered copies. London: George Bell & Sons. £10 10s.

This beautiful folio is in striking contrast to the big books on art that drop so frequently from the publishers' presses. Such seemliness of page and perfection of process engraving are not to be got with hasty manufacture. The book has been in hand something more than fifteen years, and has so far outgrown the original plan that the work of Botticelli's school, indexes, and addenda will afford material for a second volume. Though a scholar's book for scholars, it avoids the usual tangle of footnotes; the fairly printed text runs unbrokenly between rubricated side notes that give succinctly the indispensable references, while the actual documents are printed in full at the end. The contribution to Botticelli's biography is unexpectedly large. Through the discovery of new parchments and the thoroughgoing use of those already known we gain something like a picture of Sandro's family life, of his patrons, of his melancholy devotion to the lost cause of Savonarola. We lose as well certain dear legendary matter. Lorenzo the Magnificent diminishes as a patron, the Fair Simonetta disappears as a sitter. In short, the work is a learned and loving reconstruction of the life of the painter—an attempt to set us near him in his Florence.

Except as Mr. Horne, following recent authorities, has made a clean sweep of the school pictures, the book leaves the aesthetic appreciation of Botticelli much where it was. In this respect it is adequate, and a careful reader will not fail to perceive the author's attitude towards Botticelli as "the master of contour." One could wish, however, that the critical observations on the individual pictures might somewhere have been brought to a focus. As it is, Mr. Horne should have the credit for a literary handling of a most laborious investigation: there are singularly few passages in this encyclopædic biography that must be regarded as merely for reference. In fact, for a similar example of mellow scholarship equally respectful of the parts and of the whole, one must go back to such biographies as Nott's "Surrey and Wyatt," which after a century of eager research still holds its own as an authority. To enumerate the items of biographical and antiquarian interest presented for the first time in this study would be impossible, but we may suggest a few of the more important.

By 1459 we must assume that Alessandro Filipepi, then a fifteen-year-old lad was already with Fra Filippo Lippi. The ever dilatory friar was then under pressure to complete the frescoes in the choir of the Collegiata at Prato. From him, Mr. Horne believes, Sandro learned his peculiarly graceful and expressive use of the line. In pressing this obvious relation, it seems to us that the immense difference between the Frate's draughtsmanship and that of his pupil is ignored. At all times Sandro's line is at once more calligraphic and more dynamic, and here is a fact that we may account for either by temperament, or by supposing especial advantages from an apprenticeship at goldsmithing. Vasari tells us that Sandro got his nickname "il Botticello"—the cask—from an apparently mythical goldsmith thus qualified. Mr. Horne points out that Botticello was the nickname of Sandro's eldest brother, Giovanni. Its transfer to the younger brother may well mean that the brother took the charge of the young painter. We know, too, that the second brother Antonio was a goldsmith during Sandro's boyhood, and here may be the ground of Vasari's account. In Botticelli's earliest work we find something of that nervousness of line that often comes from the use of the tracer. It would be interesting to digress and show how the practice of that admirable instrument has invariably enhanced the talent of true draughtsmen, such as the Pollaiuoli and Verrocchio. In drawing on metal, especially in working out designs in relief, the line must be agile and expressive, the method concise and symbolic. As a rule, the Italians who have shown great preciousness and power of pure line have had some experience as goldsmiths or sculptors. Whether or not Sandro had this training early from his brother, he was, at any rate, early initiated into the kind of drawing we mean through his association with Antonio Pollaiuolo. His influence seems to us to outweigh that of the Frate. In any case, it is already strong in the oblong Adoration of the Magi, in the National Gallery, which Mr. Horne regards as Botticelli's earliest painting. By 1470 we find Botticelli actually the associate of the Pollaiuoli in painting the Virtues for the Hall of the Mercanzia, while a few years later we catch him borrowing the lovely figure of the Flora, in the Allegory of Spring, from one of Antonio's silver reliefs. Everything points to the early supersession of the somewhat inert formulas of Fra Filippo by the strenuous methods of the greater Pollaiuolo. Some such view is implicit in Mr. Horne's cautious pages, for he rejects all of those nondescript products of the Frate's studio which the late Hermann Ullman and others had laboriously assembled to provide Botticelli with a "first manner." Some years ago, after this part of the book was in type, a Madonna in fresco was discovered in an oratory above Settignano. Mr. Horne then published it as Sandro's earliest work, and will presumably return to the matter in the second volume. To us, who know the painting only from a photograph, its quality is unconvincing.

No discovery of new works by Botticelli was really to be expected, and Mr. Horne adds to the familiar list only a much damaged fresco of the Annunciation in the suppressed convent of S. Martino, via della

Scala, Florence. He rejects the Munich Pietà, which seems to us one of the finest works of the master. He accepts as late works the Judith of the Kaufmann collection, Berlin, and the design of the Strange Crucifixion owned by M. Aynard, at Lyons. So far as one may judge by the admirable reproductions, these pictures seem doubtful, despite their evident relations with the Dante drawings. Besides those famous illustrations, Mr. Horne admits as authentic only eight drawings, five in the Uffizi, two in the Louvre, and one in the British Museum. To us this seems an excess of skepticism, and in particular we have never seen any cogent argument for rejecting the lovely pen sketch of an orchestral ring of angels surrounding a Coronation, in the Uffizi. In general, as we have noted, Mr. Horne remains on the sure ground of historical fact. We get from him an enormous amount of information about the Florentines, who came into relations with Botticelli either in an artistic or business way. Much of this material is of the minute sort, and it would be easy to flout it with the hackneyed citation of Goethe's wash lists. But this would be unfair. Such antiquarian small change may at any time assume a major value—help, for example, to date a crucial picture. Mr. Horne has supplied a mine in which students may profitably dig for many years to come.

Nor are the smaller rectifications without critical significance. It seems a small thing to show that the Spring, the Birth of Venus, and Pallas and the Centaur, were commissioned not by Lorenzo the Magnificent, as had been surmised, but for his cousin Lorenz di Pierfrancesco de' Medici, who was of the popular party. But this correction takes Botticelli further away from the court of the Magnifico, emphasizes the inwardness of his inspiration, and removes the alluring but extraneous legend of the Fair Simonetta. So in many instances Mr. Horne's patient compilations and adjudications help us to a more just view of Sandro's activity. We can mention only in passing the elaborate studies of the contemporary engravings which have been ascribed to the master, and such lists as those of embroideries based on his designs. Of more general interest is the careful reconstruction of Botticelli's attitude as a follower of Savonarola. After many biographies on this theme it is the first that gives its hero any convincing reality. The characterization of individual pictures is admirable; the too brief summing up of Botticelli's mastery as lying in contour rendered by line may well be the starting point of a long debate into which we cannot enter. We feel that the positions occupied by Mr. Horne as a connoisseur will rarely be successfully assaulted. This may be a disappointment to critics of the beligerent sort, but they, too, will have their innings when the second volume on Botticelli's School appears.

One of the most infectiously entertaining of recent books on any of the arts and crafts is Bertie Wyllie's "The Silver Plate" (imported by Charles Scribner's Sons). Few Americans will read it without wanting forthwith to collect a few pieces to make articles from the "copied plate"—that is the trade name for the thrifty middle-class an-

cestors used as a good-looking substitute for solid silver. The author adds:

All that is necessary is for the public to signify their desire to have it, and willingness to pay the higher price inseparable from the cost of making beautiful hand-made specimens of the silversmith's art, instead of machine-stamped, coarsely shaped, roughly finished electro-plated rubbish. Surely people of means will be willing to do this when they know that it is possible to get these beautiful things made again. Surely they will refuse to go on buying the unlovely electro-plate which they have put up with for the last fifty years, when they hear that the art of copper rolled plate would be only about twice the cost of electro-plate and half the cost of silver—in all large pieces, at any rate. I believe that they will, because I know many people who hate electro-plate, and wish for the old designs and old workmanship.

Not only in Great Britain, but in this country, interest in Sheffield plate has been somewhat revived in the past few years. For antiques there is abundant demand, and at least one American firm is producing meritorious reproductions and originals. The process consists essentially in welding to one face or to two opposite faces of a copper ingot a sheet or sheets of fine or slightly alloyed silver. The composite ingot thus formed is flattened out under heavy rollers. The process was invented about 1742 by Thomas Bolsover, a mechanic of Sheffield. The designs employed, in accordance with changing fashions of the eighteenth century, followed a course whose stages are denominated by the dealers as "Queen Anne," "Early Georgian," "Adams Period," "Empire Period," "Late Georgian," and "Late." One of the services rendered by this newest book is to elaborate a more accurate nomenclature of the patterns. The manufacture, as is well known, flourished until about 1840, when a patent was taken out for a process of depositing silver by electro-decomposition upon copper, nickel, or German silver. Thereafter the making of copper-rolled plate gradually died out. The author holds beliefs common to the arts and crafts movement, so that the book, irrespective of its wealth of specific information, will be prized by many people for its general doctrines. It pleads strongly with all householders to purchase a few things, well made and having the hand quality, rather than fall victims to the expensive cheapness of articles which cost little at the outset, but which must speedily be replaced.

Some interesting excavations are being carried on near Piombino, the site of the ancient Etruscan city of Populonia. This city, which is one of the Etruscan strongholds known to have been built on the seashore, must have had considerable importance, and had its own coinage. According to Virgil, Populonia sent help to Rome at other authorities gave it a later date, describing it as a city in Volterra. The present excavations justify the claims for its high antiquity. Among the sixty-four tombs brought to light, the earliest are Italic tombs of incineration, identical with those found at Vetulonia, and containing vases and ornaments of the well-known "Villanova" type. There are also tombs of inhumation; Etruscan tombs of the archaic period; and later ones with painted vases of the third century B. C. The most interesting of these tombs are: one in the shape of a cradle, containing the remains

of a small body, entirely covered with ornaments of bronze and amber; and one of a young girl, evidently of a high caste, as is shown by her rich ornaments and jewelry. On her left was found a solid gold ring, and around her head was a gold diadem of exquisite workmanship. This tomb also contained several bronze and terracotta vases. All the objects found will be placed in the Etruscan Museum, at Florence.

Recent excavations in the garden behind the royal palace at Turin have opened the semi-circular area of the Roman theatre discovered several years ago. Many pieces of its decoration and a bronze fragment of the Augustan period have been found. This bronze is a delicately modelled foot wearing a shoe. It is more than life size and is supposed to belong to a statue which Cozcius, a barbarian king who became a Roman prefect, erected to Augustus. The King has ordered all that part of the garden explored, in the hope of discovering the rest of the statue and its dedicatory inscription.

The second Salon des Humoristes, organized by the proprietors of *Le Rire*, has opened at Paris, and, like the first a year ago, is proving a great success. To some people, the exhibition has one serious drawback: there is too much of it. It includes nineteen hundred exhibits in the modern section alone, and to these are added a series of Gustave Doré's early work, done in the forties and fifties, for *Le Journal de Rire*, and a collection of the drawings and prints of English humorists from Hogarth to Leech and his colored lithographs. No one could read straight through a book of the choicest witticisms without feeling surfeited long before reaching the end; and so, there can be too much of a good thing in the best collection of comic drawings. But many of the most admirable draughtsmen in France draw for the weekly and daily papers, and it is a pleasure to see in the original the work of men like Jean-Louis Forain, Chéret, Charles-Lucien Léandre, Léon-Adolphe Willette, Pierre-Georges Jeannot, and Albert-André Guillaume. The contemporary work from abroad is not particularly remarkable—Americans are hardly represented. But the collection of English humorists chiefly of the eighteenth century has been better made than would have seemed possible in France.

Early next winter a new wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts will be opened with an exhibition of modern German art. The objects to be exhibited, consisting of paintings and sculptural works in bronze and marble, will be collected by a committee, under the general supervision of the art director of the German government, Wilhelm Bode.

There is now on exhibition in the Art Museum and in the corridors of the Library of Bryn Mawr College an interesting collection of photographs and reproductions of practically all the old masters which are now in this country. The exhibition is limited to paintings antedating 1700; and, leaving out of account the catalogues of the P. A. B. Widener and the William L. Elkins collections, which are illustrated by very fine plates, there are 528 photographs. There are also photo-

graph albums of the collections of Dr. George Reuling of Baltimore and of the C. B. Walker collection of Milwaukee. The collection has been made and catalogued, by Dr. C. L. Ransom, head of the department of art and archæology, Bryn Mawr, and Miss Una McMahan, demonstrator in art and archæology. The exhibition will close June 5.

At the sale of the Gerbeau art collection in Paris last week, the following prices were paid for etchings by Whistler: Palaces, 4,200 francs; Little Venice, 1,350 francs; San Biagio, 1,200 francs; and The Balcony, 1,500 francs.

At an auction at Christie's, London, on May 15, pictures with the following attributions were sold: D. Teniers, A Kitchen, £210; R. van der Weyden, Madonna and Child Enthroned, £630; G. Terburg, Portrait of a Gentleman, £210; Rembrandt, A Philosopher Writing, £315; Raeburn, Harie Guthrie, £262; Goya, Pepe Illo, £546; Count Florida Blanca, £210; Murillo, St. Joseph and the Infant Saviour, £315; Velasquez, A View in the Park, £210; A. van der Neer, A Woody River Scene, £672.

Walter Satterlee, the painter, died in Brooklyn, May 28. He was born in that city in 1844, was graduated from Columbia in 1863, and studied at the National Academy of Design, and also under Léon Bonnat in Paris. He was successful as a teacher, and also as a painter of figure and genre pictures. In 1879 he was elected an associate of the National Academy, and in 1886 he received the Clarke Prize at the Academy.

Charles Drouet, who died recently in Paris, was a sculptor comparatively unknown to the general public. He was an artist of accomplishment, though in France, where the average of sculpture is so high, this is not always sufficient to bring reputation and commissions. He had been one of a group of students who worked together in Paris in the fifties; among them were two or three destined to become the most distinguished artists of the second half of the nineteenth century—Whistler, Fantin-Latour, Manet. Drouet and Whistler once had their studios in the same building. Whistler made a portrait of Drouet in one of his now most celebrated plates; and Drouet owned Whistler's early painting of the old man smoking, which was shown in the Paris Memorial Exhibition, and early Whistler etchings which the collector might well have envied him. He had, moreover, an astonishing collection of pictures, prints, and drawings, picked up no one knew where, which covered the walls and the floors of his rooms, even his bedroom and his bed, in the Rue de Seine. No one who was ever admitted into his apartment can forget the bewildering litter everywhere, and the charming, alert little old man, with his fresh color, his brilliant red skull cap, and his youthful enthusiasm, who displayed the Romneys and Constables and Turners and Lawrences which he regarded as his greatest treasures. Like Whistler, he was young and a delightful companion to the very end.

The death is announced at the age of fifty-six of Roger Ballu, formerly Inspecteur des Beaux-Arts. He was the author of "L'Œuvre de Barye" and "La Peinture au Salon de 1880."

Finance.

THE "SUNSHINE MOVEMENT."

The aftermath of the panic of 1907 has been characterized in this country by many singular incidents, which have perplexed students of economics quite as much as practical business men. Such occurrences as the remark by Judge E. H. Gary, chairman of the Steel Corporation, when rejecting propositions for lower prices, that the fact that the demand is less than the supply does not furnish an argument for lowering the price, and the subsequent decision of the Eastern railway managers to increase rates because demand for transportation had decreased, suggested topsyturvy conditions, at any rate in financial thinking. For these vagaries there was at least the explanation that the two industries feared to reduce the price of labor, and believed themselves near enough to monopolistic control to force the general public to make up what should normally have come from a lowered labor cost.

A third phenomenon, however, cannot be explained on just these grounds, because its basis seems at first sight to be emotional and sentimental. Last March the commercial travellers of the country were summoned to meet at Baltimore in what was termed a "Prosperity Convention." About one thousand came; they were addressed by numerous speakers with an appeal to "cheer up" and "get out into the sunshine." Obviously the purpose was to persuade merchants or for merchants to persuade themselves, that trade was not so bad as appearances indicated. It was not clear what success this curious gathering had. Certainly it did not end the commercial depression; as a matter of fact, the flicker of reviving trade activity, which occurred just before the Baltimore meeting, disappeared almost completely towards the end of March and during April. But the chief movers in what was now called the "sunshine propaganda"—among whom were some really important Western business men—continued to organize "prosperity associations." They appointed dates for national conventions, and appealed to all other trade organizations to send delegates—even presenting that request, last month, before the staid Chamber of Commerce of New York, which had some difficulty in pigeon-holing the appeal without hurting some one's feelings.

As was to be expected in a Presidential year, efforts were straightway made to draw the "sunshine conventions" into politics. At Baltimore, in March, after a speech by Representative Fowler of New Jersey, the "prosperity convention" unanimously indorsed the Fowler currency bill. Last month a delegation from the national association called on President Roosevelt, to ask him, somewhat timidly and deprecatingly, not to do anything strenuous now, which might disturb business. This phase of the demonstration was promptly dubbed, by its enthusiastic supporters, the "give-us-a-rest-and-sunshine movement."

The financial and commercial side of the matter has this week, however, been presented in an extremely curious aspect. A week or two ago, the officers of what was

now formally styled the "National Prosperity Association," with headquarters at St. Louis, announced that they had decided to designate the first of June as "Reemployment day," and that on that date increased orders were to be sent by merchants to manufacturers; and laborers who had been laid off because of the trade reaction and reduced activity in business, were to be reinstated. The first of June arrived, and the story of the day certainly was one of reviving activity in trade. A large number of the New England cotton mills, which had been working on half-time, resumed full production. Around St. Louis itself, according to the assertions of the Prosperity Association, new orders for \$5,000,000 worth of goods were sent out to manufacturers, and 17,508 laborers were re-employed.

This extraordinary incident looks, on its face, as if a gigantic experiment in Christian Science had been tried successfully; as if a determined crusade to make people believe that they were prosperous had really made them so. If this were the only explanation, then we should have to wait until the hysterical stage of supposed recovery had passed, and the disease had again begun to progress. In any case, it will be wise to keep an open mind until we see just how much permanency there is in this June resumption.

But it is not really necessary to resort to morbid psychology to explain the event. Experienced business men, even in the crisis, perceived that the sequel to 1907 could not be exactly similar to that of former first-rate financial panics. Aside from such advantages at the present time as the sound currency and well-guarded Treasury, which did not exist during other setbacks, two factors of the highest importance have favored a relatively early return to health. One was the great and seemingly imperative demand for the products of our soil on the part of foreign consumers; the other was the financial wealth and power of the agricultural West itself—the half-bankrupt burden on the East in 1893 and 1873 and 1857, but the reservoir of capital, credit, and genuine resources in 1908. The principal doubt was whether or not nature would favor these farm communities with an abundant yield this year. On this depended the character of the coming season's trade.

The fixing of June 1 as the day for increased activity was not arbitrary edict or pure chance. By that date in any normal farming year, the prospects of the early

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crops are reasonably assured. This year, after ideal weather, the winter wheat is in excellent condition. In the Northwest, where the later crop is grown, the season is yet young, but there, too, indications are extremely favorable. Since orders for goods are commonly placed at the opening of a month, it is entirely probable that a great part of the week's increased activity in trade, and even the increased employment at the mills, would have occurred even without the edict of a Prosperity Association. Under not dissimilar conditions, a precisely similar revival of trade occurred in the spring of 1895 and the fall of 1904, after a period of depression.

Whether this means that the period of reaction is past, is a very different question. The week's recovery was by no means common to all trade. Pittsburgh's horizon has been only slightly brightened, and even in the dry goods industry, there is much skepticism over the immediate future. We have before us the disturbing possibilities of a Presidential contest, and the richest of all our crops, Indian corn, is barely above ground. It was a failure, not of the wheat or cotton crop, but of corn in 1894 which checked all that year's tendency to revival. These are, however, only possibilities; the facts at the moment point to a relatively rapid recovery from depression.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Anglican Liberalism. Putnams. \$1.50 net.
Bennett, John W. Roosevelt and the Republic. Broadway Publishing Co.
Campbell, Robert G. Neutral Rights and Obligations in the Anglo-Boer War. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press.
Cambridge History of English Literature. Vol. II. The End of the Middle Ages. Putnams. \$2.50 net.
Carter, Samuel T. Wanted—A Theology. Funk & Wagnalls Co. 75 cents net.
Case Against Socialism. Macmillan.
Catholic Encyclopedia. Edited by Charles G. Hebermann and others. Vol. III. Robert Appleton Co.
Chamberlain, Jacob. The Kingdom in India. Revell. \$1.50 net.
Clerget, Pierre. La Suisse au XXe siècle. Paris: Armand Colin.

Cornell Studies in History and Political Science. Vol. II. Henry Holt & Co.
Diderot, Selections from. Edited by W. F. Giese. Boston: Heath.
Don-Carlos, Cooke. A Bottle in the Smoke. R. F. Fenno & Co. \$1.50.
Duncan, David. Life and Letters of Herbert Spencer. 2 vols. Appletons.
Duncan, John. Lady Lettice, Vi-Countess Falkland. Dutton.
Encyclopædia of Social Reform. Edited by William D. P. Bliss and others. Funk & Wagnalls Co.
Europe, Complete Pocket Guide to. Edited by E. C. and T. L. Stedman. William R. Jenkins Co.
Field, Michael. Wild Honey. A. Wessels Co. \$1.65 net.
George Leib Harrison Foundation, 1896-1906. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press.
Gillmore, Inez Haynes. June Jeopardy. B. W. Huebsch. \$1.50.
Goodrich, Arthur. Gleam O' Dawn. Appleton. \$1.50.
Hale, George Ellery. The Study of Stellar Evolution. University of Chicago Press. \$4.27.
Hall, Bolton. A Little Land and a Living. The Arcadia Press. \$1.
Handy Manual of Social Reform. Funk & Wagnalls Co. 25 cents.
Haskell, Juliana. Bayard Taylor's Translation of Goethe's Faust. Macmillan. \$1 net.
Heath, F. R. A Manual of Language Lessons. Cincinnati: Phonographic Institute.
Hill, David Spence. The Education and Problems of the Protestant Ministry. Worcester: Clark University Press.
Hodgetts, E. A. Brayley. The Court of Russia in the Nineteenth Century. 2 vols. Imported by Scribner's. \$6 net for 2 vols.
Houdini, Harry. The Unmasking of Robert Houdin. Publishers Printing Co.
Job, Herbert Keightley. The Sport of Bird-Study. Outing Publishing Co. \$2 net.
Journals of the Continental Congress, 1774-1789. Vol. XI. Washington.
Journals of the Continental Congress, 1774-1789. Vol. XII. Washington.
Lorimer, George Horace. Jack Spurlock—Prodigal. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.
Maclear, Anne Bush. Early New England Towns. Longmans.
Mantzius, Karl. Molière. Traduit du danois par Maurice Pellisson. Paris: Armand Colin.
Minister of State for Education, Thirty-third Annual Report of the. Tokio, Japan.
Musselman, H. T. The National Teacher-Training Text-Books. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.

My High School Days: A Memory Book for the Girl Graduate. H. M. Caldwell Co.
O'Donnell, C. J. The Causes of Present Discontent in India. A. Wessels Co. 85 cents net.
Parisot, Edmond and Félix Henry. Les Meilleures Pages des Écrivains Pédagogiques. Paris: Armand Colin.
Peters, Madison C. The Strenuous Career. Chicago: Laird & Lee. \$1.25.
Porter, Alfred W. An Intermediate Course in Mechanics. Dutton. \$1.50 net.
Richardson, E. Artist Songs. A. Wessels Co. \$1.15 net.
Russell, Charles Edward. Lawless Wealth. B. W. Dodge & Co.
Saunders, Florence Wenderoth. Letters to a Business Girl. Chicago: Laird & Lee. \$1.25.
Seawell, Molly Elliot. The Last Duchess of Belgarde. Dutton. \$1.25.
Selden Society: Year Books of Edward II. Vol. IV. London: Bernard Quaritch.
Shoemaker, Michael Myers. Wanderings in Ireland. Putnams. \$2.50 net.
Sholl, Anna McClure. The Greater Love. Outing Publishing Co. \$1.50.
Sidgwick, Mrs. Alfred. Home Life in Germany. Macmillan. \$1.75 net.
Solis-Cohen, Emily, jr. David and the Giant Killer. Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society.
Spiller, Gustav. Faith in Man. Macmillan. 75 cents net.
Stratton, Alfred William. Letters from India. Dutton. \$3.50 net.
Takahashi, Sakuyō. International Law Applied to the Russo-Japanese War. Banks Law Publishing Co. \$8 net.
Thibaudeau, A. C. Bonaparte and the Consulate. Translated by G. K. Fortescue. Macmillan Co. \$3.25 net.
Townsend, Charles H. T. The Taxonomy of the Muscoidean Flies, etc. Washington: Smithsonian Institution.
Tudor Facsimile Texts: Youth—Hickscorner—Medwall's Nature. London: T. C. & E. C. Jack.
Watson, Charles R. In the Valley of the Nile. Revell. \$1 net.
Weld, L. D. H. Private Freight Cars and American Railways. Longmans.
Wetherald, Ethelwyn. The Last Robin. Toronto: William Briggs.
Wisdom of the East Series: The Rose Garden of Sa'di; Conduct of Life; Sa'di's Scroll of Wisdom; Sayings of Lao Tzu; Wisdom of Israel; Women and Wisdom of Japan; Duties of the Heart; Instruction of Ptah-Hotep; Religion of the Koran. Dutton. 40 cents net each.
Worcester, Elwood, and others. Religion and Medicine. Moffat, Yard & Co. \$1.50 net.
Young, Julia Ditto. Barham Beach.

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